

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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The Musical Mirror.



With the glamor of beautiful scenery and the glitter of showy costumes and "after months of careful preparation," as the playbill on this occasion truthfully puts it, Nanon was presented on Monday night at the Casino. Many brilliant audiences have gathered within the walls of this exquisite place of amusement since its doors were first opened to the public, but never has it contained an assemblage so notable in both quality and quantity as that which attended the first production actually representing the managerial skill and taste of Manager Aronson. Every face beamed with friendliness toward the young impresario. Cordiality began in the boxes and front rows and culminated in the thick fringe of standees at the rear of the auditorium. The word packed scarcely describes the condition of the auditorium. When it is stated that the receipts were the largest in the history of the Casino, that the management received fifty more orders for private boxes than they were able to fill, that speculators found ready purchasers for balcony seats at four and five dollars apiece, and finally that the number of people wedged together in the standing-room spaces was sufficient to comfortably fill the chairs of the theatre, some idea of the extent of this remarkable gathering may be conceived. Everybody and his wife was present. First-nighters and men-about-town who had been missed from their usual haunts and were supposedly at Newport, the Branch or Saratoga, were to be seen on every side arrayed in the sable livery of a swell Winter premier. A more emphatic demonstration of friendliness and goodwill was never extended to a New York manager.

Nanon, as presented last season at the Thalia, was the embodiment of intelligent, artistic treatment. The principals were actors and singers in the fullest sense of the term, and their splendid efforts delighted lovers of comic opera, although the accessories of scenery and costumes were totally inadequate to the demands of the piece. Nanon at the Casino is a partial reversal of these conditions. The scenery is superb, the dresses are of the showiest description—in fact, the presentation is a sensual delight, feeding the eye with harmonies of color and pictures of voluptuous femininity with charms veiled in the gauziest fashion. Beneath the seductive influence of these attractions it is not strange that the alert critical faculty of a first-night gathering was overcome and lulled to sleep. We do not mean to say that the production was unsatisfactory or inept according to the English standard. The audience found much to applaud in the rendering of Genée's charming music, a great deal to laugh at in the funniness of the comedians and plenty of favor to bestow upon the respective performances of the leading members of the cast. Probably no better distribution of parts could have been made among people who speak our language. But it is impossible to infuse the "go" of the Germans into an English performance. The vivacity, sparkle, neatness and thoroughly artistic spirit which our foreign cousins fetch to their work cannot be duplicated. At the Thalia the minor parts of the wedding guests and the mischievous nuns were strong features; at the Casino they went for naught. But comparisons are always odious, and we will compare no further. It goes without saying that no native performance of a German or French opera can equal its production by people speaking the original tongue.

Everything that lavish outlay and good taste could do to ensure a popular success was done, and the result certainly came up to, if it did not surpass, the expectations of the management. The rhythmic measure of the waltz song that is interwoven through the three acts of the piece, the topical song, "It's Only a Question of Time," and the male trio in the last act tickled the ears of the listeners and made instantaneous hits. All these will become popular. Genée's score brims over with pretty and graceful gems of melody. There are few choruses—most of the numbers are of the solo order. Possibly the composer avoided choral effects through inability to excel in this direction. The principals are very evenly supplied with the plums of the work. Each has one or more songs of a thoroughly "taking" character. Bevy of pretty damsels, attired in lights and bodices of delicate tint, marched, counter-marched and played drums and fifes to the military scenes of the first act. The *jeunesse doree* certainly have no cause to complain that their demands in respect to a smart chorus and a captivating band of *figuranter* have been disregarded. Their move-

ments and tableaux reflect credit upon the artistic eye of Director Conried. A departure was observed in the groupings of the auxiliaries and chorus. Stage managers have of late fallen into the habit of ranging their men and women who fill the background of comic opera in stiff rows and drilling them to accompany their vocal duties with similar gestures delivered in a sort of military fashion. For the "charity bob" of Billee Taylor and the dragoons' choruses of Patience this union of action is both appropriate and humorous. But applied indiscriminately and without regard for sense or artistic effect, it has come to be both boring and nauseating. Mr. Conried has resorted to the proper method of grouping his people in natural positions, and the result is decidedly picturesque.

The story of Nanon is new to native theatre-goers. It is a delicate and slender fabric, devised in a better vein than is usual with librettists. It gives a glimpse at the follies and manners of the voluptuous court of Louis XIV., and should in scenery and dresses preserve the historical characteristics of the period. The former is accurate in detail. Mazzanovich's set in Act One, the "Inn of the Golden Lamb," is in this capable artist's best style. The landscape backing is excellent, having a hazy, atmospheric effect, which supplies distance, despite the shallowness of the Casino stage. The profile trees near the background are badly cut out, and their appearance is stiff and unnatural. Hoyt's "Salon of Ninon de l'Enclos," in Act Two, is a superb piece of work. The architectural and decorative design correctly reproduce the Louis XIV. period, and the blue and white colors make a most graceful and beautiful picture. The perspective of the adjacent hall and galleries is fine. Mr. Hoyt is in a certain respect the best of our scenic artists. He is bold and original, yet without strictly artistic, in the treatment bestowed upon his pictures. It is strange that his talents are not monopolized by one of our several stock theatres. Harley Merry's "Sanctuary of Marie de Maintenon," in the last act, is also a splendid piece of painting, its sober hues and ecclesiastic design contrasting effectively with the preceding interior. The costumes were designed by Baron de Grimm. They certainly display originality if not archaeological accuracy. The drummers and fifers and the band of female fiddlers are appraised in nondescript raiment, belonging to no particular time. The principals, with the exception of Billee Barlow, are properly garbed. M. de Grimm apparently misconceived his duties. He probably imagined he was designing costumes for an operatic burlesque. The error would not have been particularly noticeable had not the period of the piece's action been distinctly defined by the introduction of several historical characters, including no less familiar a personage than King Louis himself. Appended is the printed synopsis of the opera:

Nanon is the hostess of an inn before the gates of Paris, called the Golden Lamb, and is renowned for her beauty and virtue. On this account Marillac, director of the Royal Theatre, takes his nephew, Hector, an inexperienced country nobleman, to see Nanon. At the same time the famous beauty, Ninon de l'Enclos, also pays a visit to the Golden Lamb to secretly get a sight of her rival, as she has become suspicious that her lover, the Marquis d'Aubigne, has turned his affections toward Nanon. But there she hears that Nanon is going to be married to the drummer Grignan on the same day and returns appeased. This drummer Grignan is no other than the Marquis d'Aubigne, who, under this disguise, intends to abduct the beautiful hostess. The evening before her birthday he, together with his pretended comrades, a drummer and piper of the regiment, sings her a serenade: "Anna, in Rapture I Come to Thee." She surprises him with a proposal of marriage. When the notary, the relatives of Nanon and the wedding guests make their appearance, d'Aubigne causes himself to be arrested by his Colonel on account of a duel. In the midst of her grief Nanon receives a ring and friendly compliments from Gaston, the page of Ninon de l'Enclos, and she concludes to pray that lady to help her in rescuing Grignan, as by the command of the King duelling is punishable with death.

The second act shows the salon of Ninon on a ball night. Here are met Marillac, Hector and a gallant abbe, who is one of Ninon's lovers and at the same time confessor of Madame de Maintenon. d'Aubigne likewise appears, joyfully received by Ninon, and when she reproaches him for having stayed away so long and for having forgotten her birthday, he draws himself out of his embarrassment by singing her the same serenade: "Anna, in Rapture I Come to Thee." Soon after Nanon arrives to ask for Ninon's help in saving Grignan's life. Hector and d'Aubigne also meet. The latter, doubly jealous, that Hector pays court to Ninon as well as to Nanon challenges him, and both hurry into Ninon's garden to decide their quarrel with swords. Meanwhile Marillac has prepared a surprise for Ninon; he has noted the serenade of Grignan and now pays his homage to her by singing, accompanied by the musicians of the court chapel, "Anna, in Rapture I Come to Thee." However, he is laughed at by Ninon and her company; d'Aubigne returns from his duel and he is asked to clear up the origin of the song; but he is prevented from doing this by the guard which enters at the same moment. The duellists have been seen. Hector, who has been wounded by a thrust in the hip, refuses to give the name of his opponent and excites the humor of the company by the ridiculous way he limps about, whereupon he is led away a prisoner.

The third act leads us into the sanctuary of Madame de Maintenon, whose name is Anna also, and the abbe sings to her in the shape of a pious hymn, and with hypocritical mien, the serenade of the drummer, "Anna, in Rapture I Come to Thee." Marillac appears to ask for his nephew's freedom, and receives it, the fact appearing that d'Aubigne, the nephew of Madame de Maintenon, is the challenging party. d'Aubigne congratulates her on the occasion of her birthday with the same "Anna Song," and Marillac after him, so that the merry war over the origin of the song arises anew. Ninon and Nanon both request audience of Madame de Maintenon, to pray for grace for their respective lovers, d'Aubigne and Grignan. Nanon receives the life of Grignan as a present from the King, and she in turn presents the pardon to Ninon in order to save d'Aubigne, whom she now recognizes as Grignan. Touched by so much magnanimity, Grignan offers her his hand. Maintenon, disquieted by the sudden favor of the King for Nanon, gives her consent, and the hostess of the Golden Lamb is made Marquise d'Aubigne.

Sadie Martinot has proved herself to be a charming comedienne in a number of plays that have been acted in this city. Although she has appeared frequently at the Boston Museum in comic opera, on this occasion as Nanon she made her metropolitan debut in this line of endeavor. She acted the part charmingly, adding to an ingenuous manner a sprightliness and exuberance of spirit as delightful as it was novel in a native artiste. Miss Martinot, like Theo, whom in method she somewhat resembles, has less singing than acting power; but, nevertheless, she brought cultivation and an easy delivery to bear upon

the music of the rôle. There was no straining after effect, no yielding to vocal tricks whereby to win ignorant applause. In everything she did there was naturalness and grace. Her love-making in Act One was simply delicious in its innocent abandon. Pauline Hall, the beautiful and statuesque, was Ninon. She had entrusted to her some of the most difficult passages in the opera, but she got through with them fairly well, albeit her voice is too thin in quality to please one's ear. Miss Hall wore very gorgeous dresses, and if only to look upon she decidedly enhanced the attractiveness of the production. Billie Barlow as the page, Gaston, aside from her half-and-half costume, which has occasioned considerable comment, manifested decided vocal improvement. In the finale of the second act her voice was heard advantageously. Alice Vincent played Madame de Maintenon with dignity. Some minor characters were filled by pretty girls, among whom Rose Baudet and Agnes Folsom were foremost.

Francis Wilson is always funny. He generally makes a hit when he undertakes a new part, and in the rôle of Marsillac he justified this flattering record. Mr. Wilson is excruciatingly funny in everything he does. His peculiar manner of delivering a line which in itself is not especially humorous sets the house in a roar. He made the old impresario extremely comic by his eccentric "business," and he had to do his song and *pas seul*, descriptive of the ballet, several times over. Nanon would be well worth seeing if there were nothing else clever in it besides Wilson's impersonation. William T. Carleton was cast for the very important part of the Marquis d'Aubigne. Mr. Carleton is not acceptable as an actor, so in this, as in all his work, he had to fall back upon his voice to score a success. He appeared a trifle nervous, and this, or fatigue, may have accounted for the clouded tones of some of his notes. He redeemed himself by his repetition of the waltz sung in the second act, which created storms of applause. W. H. Fitzgerald utterly misconceived the character of Hector. He made the personage a Nancyish exquisite, whereas the German librettist has distinctly painted him as a country youth whom his uncle is endeavoring to polish off and project into the select circle of court society. This fatal blunder ruined Mr. Fitzgerald's performance. He rendered the topical song "It's Only a Question of Time" with excellent point, and the audience exhausted the stock of verses which had been prepared. Gustavus Levick acted the small part of the King capably of course. To put so good an actor in so small a character, however, is a sheer waste of talent which does not benefit the presentation in the least. William Herbert was wretchedly poor as in Abbé. At the Thalia it was played so well as to become a prominent feature in the cast. Mr. Herbert is mechanical and he cannot sing. The humor of the serenade with organ accompaniment in the last act was consequently completely lost by this gentleman's vocal inefficiency. Harry Standish did all that was possible in a "bit."

There is a great demand for seats, and Nanon, it may be predicted with confidence, will enjoy a long and prosperous run.

La Belle Hélène remains the feature of the excellent programme to be enjoyed at Koster and Bial's. Besides there are a number of first-rate specialists in acts that are original and entertaining. The attendance is regularly good.

Wallack's Theatre, with its cool atmosphere, and its refreshing bill, The Black Hussar, continues to attract large gatherings. Mr. McCaull's season has been so profitable that he has arranged to continue his company at this house until October.

At the Theatres.

On Monday night, Dan Sully's Capital Prize at Tony Pastor's gave way to the Metropolitan Minstrels, an organization composed of a large number of clever thrummers of the banjo and shakers of the festive clog. As usual in minstrel shows of a later date, the first part was marked by the appearance of an octette of endmen, while the scarcity of ballad singing in comparison with the number of comic ditties was a noticeable feature. Joe M. Woods, a soprano, who was once with the San Francisco, gave great delight in his singing of "Bab's Lullaby," while Joseph Garland's rendition of "Our Crew" met with considerable applause. The part ended with the short sketch, Sam Dimpey's Visit, in which the make-up of William Lester was greeted with roars of laughter. In part second the honors were divided between Lester and Allen, McIntyre and Heath, George H. Wood, George H. Powers, and Wood, Beasley and Weston Brothers in their well-known musical act. Prof. T. A. Kennedy concluded the performance with the wonderful exhibition of his mesmerism powers. The scenery was new and rather pretty. Funny Valentines will be produced next week.

This week will see the end of In Chancery at the Madison Square Theatre. The comedy has been more successful than expectation warranted. Its peculiarly English flavor has acted as a handicap which even the humorous acting of Mr. Raymond failed to overcome entirely. On Monday next the comedian's old piece, For Congress, will be put up for one

week as a stop-gap pending the production of another new English farce-comedy.

Adonis has already outstripped the most sanguine predictions for a long run, and the date of its withdrawal even now is one of the things which, as Lord Dundreary used to say, no fellow can find out. The houses are very large and the Bijou management are in the state of beatitude always accompanying a full treasury. Sometimes Mr. Dixey gives a stupid performance of his part, but it is not to be expected that a man can speak the same lines, sing the same songs, and go through with the same business for nearly a year without occasionally giving evidence of fatigue and waning interest.

A Board-Wages Manager.

Clara Otis, an actress of some years' standing, has had a sick husband to nurse for some months. He is an old-time and well known actor, George S. Gray. As he was convalescing, they determined to seek an engagement at some Summer resort, or with a company in which the work was not heavy, until he regained his health. Speaking to a MIRROR reporter about their experience in this direction, Mrs. Gray said:

"We answered the advertisement of one A. E. Hall, of Northville, N. Y. He wanted a lady to play in The Hidden Hand and other dramas. My husband and myself went there, and he was to provide board, as he represented that he had a comfortable home there. We opened in a rink and did no business. Then we went to a place sixteen miles distant, and played Dora with a cast of three people. An actor named Henry Driscoll was also inveigled into the company, and came from the South to join us. We could not disband, as we had not sufficient money to do even that. At last in despair we left his house, and I believe he is now loving other people upon the same representations. When we arrived in New York Mr. Baker, of the Actors' Fund, showed us a note from this man Hall, advising him not to assist us. He is worthless, and I do not think he has ever been a manager or actor. His wife was a cook and takes in laundrywork. I simply wish to warn people against him."

Professional Doings.

—Newton Beers says it is uncertain what he will do next season.

—Frederick Mann has been engaged for juvenile leads by George C. Miln.

—W. S. Walker is doing the advance work for Harry Mahn's Opera company.

—Manager Wilbur, of the comic opera company of that name, is in the city.

—Frank Williams opened his Linden Park Hotel at Cornwell-on-the-Hudson on June 18.

—Alfred Pollin has been ill for some time. He has not as yet accepted Joseph Murphy's offer.

—Minnie Maddern is reading a new play which she desires to alternate with Caprice next season.

—The Mexican National Band scored a decided success at the Highland House, Cincinnati, last week.

—Simon Nahm, formerly with M. B. Curtis, will be advance agent for Rose Coghlan—if she needs one.

—Lester Victor has re-engaged with Aimee for next season. In addition to playing he will manage the stage.

—J. T. Maguire, James Ryan and Isaac Shields are arranging for a canine show at the Madison Square Garden.

—W. J. Davis, who has been Joseph Murphy's manager for several seasons, will continue as such for 1885-86.

—Henry Plate has been engaged to conduct the Howard Athenæum orchestra next season, succeeding George Loesch.

—David W. Van Deren has been engaged for Bartley Campbell's stock company at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

—Harry Eyttinge has been engaged by Shook and Collier to play a heavy part in one of their travelling companies.

—William Harris, of Boston, arrived in New York on Monday to attend the production of Nanon at the Casino.

—Byron Douglas, a capable actor, formerly with Edwin Booth, has been all of last season with The Pavements of Paris.

—Aaron Appleton is managing Robert Graham. The latter opened at Marlborough Mass., last night in Brother Max.

—There are very few Summer resorts at which well-to-do professionals can escape the affliction of mosquitoes and new plays.

—Ed. Chapman, comedian of the Wilbur Opera company, was in the city this week. He reports good business with the company in opera under canvas.

—The Frankfort (Ky.) Opera House offers "sharing terms only." Its seating capacity is 800. The State Legislature is in session from Jan. 1 to May 1, 1886.

—Donald Robertson, an actor of good standing, will probably appear in several plays which Howard P. Taylor intends trying at Asbury Park this Summer.

—October 10 is the date arranged for the production of The Mikado at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Several artists and some chorus people will be brought over.

—The Devil's Auction opens at the Tabor Opera House, Denver, on August 10. The company will appear in a new and as yet unnamed spectacle next season.

—Louise Balfé will appear in her new play, Marta, at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O., during this month. Next season she will be under John Havlin's management.

—Henry E. Dixey is trying to persuade John T. Raymond to produce The Pilgrim, a comedy by Howard P. Taylor, which he accepted before Adonis saw the light.

—Professor Wilson Mazzoni, at one time a well-known sleight-of-hand performer, died in Cincinnati last Saturday, aged fifty-six. He had been in ill health for several years.

—The Casino dressing-rooms have hitherto had the benefit of a good northern light, but the rebuilding of adjoining property will deprive many of them of it in a month or less.

—Hattie Grinnell, a very pretty young actress, with a well-developed voice of considerable power, will take Emma Carson's part at the Bijou Opera House, opening next Monday.

—Kate Francis (Mrs. William Black), for a long time with Madison Square companies, is visiting Frances Bishop, of the Muggs' Landing company, on the Sound, for the Summer.

—E. D. Price, according to recently received letters from San Francisco, will probably make that city his permanent home. He reports that his prospects at the California Theatre are bright.

—John E. Brand, late baritone of the Wilbur Opera company, sailed for Europe on the City of Rome this week. He has retired from the Wilbur company after being connected with it five seasons.

—The little danseuse, Brianza, who created such a fine impression in Sieba at the Star Theatre with the Kiralfys' company, will probably travel with Andrews' Michael Strogoff company next season.

—Helen Harrington, a California girl, has been highly praised for her rendition of male roles while playing with Adelaide Randall's Bijou Opera company in the South. She will appear in New York next season.

—Next week Howard P. Taylor will visit Flora Moore at Asbury Park, Maggie Mitchell at Long Branch and Kate Claxton and Minnie Maddern at Larchmont, to read them new plays—if the weather is warm enough.

—Digby Bell and wife (Laura Joice-Bell) are at their country-place at Nyack. During 1886 they will go to England to fill engagements. Mrs. Bell's mother will come to America to take charge of the family during the couple's absence.

—J. Alexander Brown, who is interested in the Mexican Orchestra, finds difficulty in providing seats for professionals, who are among the most appreciative attendants at the Star Theatre performances. The Star is a great resort for deadheads.

—It is stated that Alice Harrison will go on the road next season with a new musical comedy. Among those who have signed to go with her is Charles S. Dickson, who is the possessor of a rich baritone voice, which he will have abundant opportunity to display.

—Albert Patterson's circuit, in Kansas, embraces Junction City, Abilene, Manhattan and Salina, all small towns, but yielding satisfying receipts to good attractions. They are situated on the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific Railway. Corydon F. Craig is the New York representative.

—The Metropolitan Minstrels, who had an auspicious opening at Tony Pastor's on Monday night, are playing on the commonwealth plan. Their engagement lasts one week. J. F. Farrell, who produces Funny Valentines at this house next week, has devised original advertising by circulating valentines.

—Murray and Murphy have gone to Mt. Clemens, Mich., to remain four weeks, after which they return to New York to rehearse for their opening at the Boston Theatre on August 17. The young comedians fill the opening date at the Boston—a date that had fallen to the lot of the late Frank Chanfrau for the preceding thirteen seasons.

—The Fifth Avenue Theatre was given over to workmen yesterday, and the lobby is already torn up. Manager Stetson contemplates a mosaic floor with Japanese, or Mikado, characters designed therein, and frescoed walls. Daly's Theatre is also opened up, and the entrance, although but recently improved, is to be still more handsomely decorated.

—The Acme Dramatic company, which left for Ticonderoga on Wednesday last, included Nellie Pierce, Rachel Renard, Sarah Herbert, Kate Mitchell, J. R. Furlong, Charles Kidder, E. T. Herbert, George Secor, W. D. Stone, and J. O. and W. D. Browning. This is a sensible Summer snip. The company proposes to spend the heated term at Ticonderoga, playing one night a week.

—Nothing succeeds like success. Agnes Wallace and Sam B. Villa have secured rights for George S. Knight's intensely funny Over the Garden Wall. Mr. Villa is a comedian of widespread reputation, and in such territory as may have been marked off for him will wake up the natives with the farce comedy. The Villa Family are at their Summer home at Ridgewood, N. J.

—Treasurer Smith states that when the Casino box office opened on Tuesday night he had not a single seat on sale. On Monday night the largest audience ever in the Casino assembled, there being over 1,000 single admissions alone. Seventy-five seats were devoted to the press. Last night there was only standing room, and the advance sale is large. John A. McCaull was present, and congratulated the management upon the success they had scored.

—Harry Brown is having burlesques written by W. H. Gill and Nathaniel Childs. One is called Ramboozle, the Barber. The season opens at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for three weeks on Sept. 7, and thirty-five people will be carried. Thirty-two weeks will be booked, two being played in New York. A piper and his bagpipes are to appear in certain scenes, and Mr. Brown is now engaged in arranging the music, dances, marches and costumes.

—What will be one of the handsomest theatres in Western Pennsylvania is in course of erection at Meadville. It will be ready to open about the middle of November. Meadville has been without an Opera House for two years. The stage of the new house will be 32x53 feet, with a 26-foot opening. The seating capacity will be 1,000. J. M. Wood, of Chicago, is the architect. It is proposed to play one first-class attraction a week and bar the doors to ten cent companies. Fred G. Andrews is the manager, and he has engaged Willis Ross as his booking agent in New York.

—Through arrangements made with N. C. Goodwin, Edward Seabrooke, who was with the comedian's company for several seasons, will bring out Hobbies next season. For that purpose he has already engaged Daisy Wood, Miss Marshall Harry Clarke and William Sampson, and is negotiating with Alice Brown. George Floyd is booking time for the company and has already secured twenty weeks. The troupe will begin the season in September, probably at Providence. Mr. Seabrooke believes that the play will prove a paying investment, as the expenses are very light. A number of new songs and dances will be introduced, as well as some of Dave Brehm's latest music.

The Giddy Gusher.



I wonder if any *savant* of the past ever meddled with the theory that the reasoning faculties, the affections, the ambitions and instincts of man lie in the legs of that animal, not in the head? I do not desire to invade the realms of science nor occupy the pants of a professor. It would distress me beyond measure to see my name printed with Darwin and Tyndal. If I could go off and discover that this world was neither round nor flat, but built on the plan of a crook-neck squash by imitative Nature, I think I should refrain from mentioning it to escape notoriety of a scientific character.

But it seems as if reasons of a philanthropic kind demanded that my present discovery should be divulged. I hesitate before flying in the face of accepted, long-standing belief. I know I shall meet, as all great discoverers have, opposition and enmity. The person who upsets a theory that has enjoyed respect and consideration for ages treads dangerous ground, and it requires great courage and large-heartedness to become such an iconoclast. You can therefore take the dimensions of my courage and get a fair idea of the size of my pericardium by the step I boldly take this morning in proclaiming that the legs of man, not the head, is the residence of his reasoning faculties, the abode of his ambitions, the boarding-house of his being.

With a woman it is different. She is anxious, she has a headache, she is miserable, she grows grey. She is flattered, her head swells. A man's head swells. That proves nothing. It's the stuff he has put in his stomach that enlarges his head. You tell a man a funny story. What does he do? Slaps his legs. His risibilities are closely allied to his legs. You notice two men talking of taking a company on the road. The man with the money slowly rubs his legs between the knees and the hips; the man with the play, with every argument, slaps him gently in the thick part of his leg (unless the capitalist is a dude and has no thick part—then he just picks at the bone). Why do they both do this? Because the moneyed man feels that such prudence as he has lies in his legs, and the other feels that it can poke a full belief of his racket into the legs of the hunted animal, his show will stand a chance of going out.

Look at the prominence man instinctively accords his legs. A woman's dwell in comparative obscurity. A man's are always on exhibition. In public places they are constantly placed higher than his head. This is instinct. I am doing as good a business just now betting on legs as John Raymond in matching pennies. You see I am stopping at a country hotel, to which a garden is attached for restaurant and bar purposes. A party of men drift in. I make my bets while they are in motion. The man with the check legs will have his two legs on a table in five minutes. Out come the watches and we time him. Nine times out of ten I win. Drive up the Boulevards and look at the piazzas of the road houses—rows of boots and shoe soles are set up on the rails. The men are taking in the spectacle of our presence, and the speed of fast horses with that portion of their body capable of most enjoyment—their legs. Look down the aisles of a theatre. Every man who has an end seat has his legs waving about in the passage. The little blower that is provided at the base of an orchestra chair to let air in on your spinal column is usually occupied by a boot-toe. The foot-rests are enough for a woman, but a man is only prevented from putting his feet on top of the back of your seat by the presence of the usher.

I haven't been in a theatre for a year that some man wasn't walking up my back like a fly or kneeling like a camel in the desert on the small of my back. Why can't a man keep his feet on the ground as well as a woman? Because he's ambitious. His nervous centres, his projectile qualities, are in his bladed legs. The size of the legs is not regulated by the amount of ability their owner possesses in all cases. No one denies the cleverness of Evarts or the humanity of Bergh, and yet a Croton bug of ordinary intelligence wouldn't trust himself on four such legs.

At the Casino on Monday night there was a great chance to study legs. The Baron Blanc and Abe Hummel sat in the same row. Now, all the rest of Blanc is a disappointment to the promise of his legs, and Abe gives the lie direct to his legs every hour of his existence. It has long been allowed that the size of the

head did not show the amount of intellect one possessed. A No. 23 hat is worn oftener for a season's success, the whisky drunk the night before and hydrocephalus, than for intelligence or great perceptive faculties. This same state of affairs exists in the legs, but not so frequently. The young men who provided the enormous floral trophies passed up and cast down to the nymphs of Nanon were all slims. My friend Jim Bell, the tailor, tells me this is a good season. He cuts six trouser-legs out of one breadth of broadcloth this year. He's had one great contract on which he lost. He made Ingersoll a pair of pants in March that nearly bankrupted the establishment. When that garment was sent home he had but one yard of doeklin left on the premises, but Werry Ball and Owell Hosborne came in that very afternoon and ordered three pairs of evening trousers. He snatched his scissors and his solitary yard of stock—did Bell—and, with pious thanksgiving, cut them out.

We all know that the attributes of the head are transmissible and contagious. The son has his father's red head and his mother's cross eye as an heirloom, and you can catch the scald-head from a hair-brush I am told by Myers, the wigmaker. So it is with legs. I slept in Frank Wilson's bed up in Thirty-ninth street once, and I have been troubled with a very coarse vein of humor in my left leg ever since. The low comedy of that man's legs is as catching as the measles. A great responsibility rests on Mrs. Predigam. She is a model housekeeper and the advantages of her establishment cannot be confined to the theatrical profession. Now, what would happen if a meek and lowly minister applied to her for board, and in a rash hour she assigned him Francis Wilson's room? The theological training of a pair of clerical legs could not stand out one week against the atmosphere of that enchanted apartment—it would culminate in the Rev. Mr. Graveyard doing a clog in his pulpit and getting his dismissal.

It was a wise provision that put women's brains in their bonnets. If women's affections dwelt in their legs we should be horrified at their deportment. If woman's ambition dwelt in her legs we should be paralyzed by her having them higher than her head, and her No. 2 Spanish insteps stuck on mantelpieces and balcony rails. Her sense of humor does not lie in her legs, or we should be shocked by the spectacle of woman slapping them every time she heard her husband had caught on to a new girl, or some little frequently recurring joke like that.

We may be thankful that our dear sweet reasoning faculties are located, unlike the men's, in our heads, for if our legs were filled with schemes and determinations and inclinations—if in fact the seat of government was situated where a man's is—the petticoat would be dropped and that awful costume worn by Billie Barlow Monday night would come in. Great Caesar! What a fate! I think that page's dress was a grim joke of De Grimam; it was that woman's name done in a dress. She was Billie up to the waist, and then Barlow set in. My gracious! I held on to my skirt till I got out of the building. I am always more or less put together with pins. The levitating button and the eloping string is not very prevalent on my wardrobe. I leave a great deal to the mercy of Providence and a pin. If at any moment that pin should desert me I should cut just such a figure as Billie Barlow. My stout heart trembled, and I hung on with both hands till I was safely out of the Casino.

The only other time I recollect seeing a woman wear in public a rig like Billie Barlow's was one Summer afternoon when Mrs. Doctor Pratt undertook to ride the doctor's horse. She was a short woman, weighing about two hundred pounds, apothecary weight, and the horse was one that John Nathan, the circus man, sold to her husband and used to ride in the entry. Mrs. Pratt had a chair brought out and mounted with much dignity and cheerfulness. She had heard that it was unfashionable to wear any skirt but the habit-skirt; but she had not heard that a pair of man's pants was inevitably worn underneath. But just with her ordinary Summer pants on she rode away. At the corner of the principal street—just when all the bank men stood on the bank steps, and all the sports stood on the hotel steps, and all the women walked by to be looked at—a hand-organ struck up "Oh, give me back my Arab steed." The Arab steed pricked up its ears and set up its tail. It remembered the old tune, and round and round in narrowing circles it went—cross one—sharp turn, in and out. Imagination peopled the street with spangled banners and Mrs. Pratt became a circus for that deluded horse. The woman lost her head—that was the first thing she lost—the spectators were unable to lend a hand, as they were holding their sides. Round and round went the nag. Mrs. P. concluded to slip off. Just as Bucephalus made a short turn, she took her foot out of the stirrup and jumped. But oh, horror! her skirt remained hitched on the horn of the saddle; but it was composed of treacherous alpaca, and Mrs. P. was solid and penetrating—she burst through it like the sun out of a cloud, and stood there in a basque waist of black alpaca, with a ridiculous little tail on it, and a pair of short, Summer, white pants,

trimmed with ruffles, a pair of striped brown and pink stockings and two congress gaiters, without heels, No. 5 1 2.

Lum-te-dum—lum-te-dum. Round went the horse. There was no imagination about it then; he had struck a circus at last, bless him, and so had we. I was carried into the City Hotel and brought to during the afternoon by restoratives furnished from the most popular part of the building; but from that day till Monday night I never saw Mrs. Pratt's costume reproduced till I saw the mermaid business of Billie Barlow. The damsels of the stage should make a decided stand against this idiotic style of dress. No matter how handsome a woman's form is, the half-and-half trick ruins it. It must be wholly male or wholly female, or the prettiest woman who ever stepped will be as much of a sight as Mrs. Dr. Pratt when she lost her petticoat and nearly killed your

GIDDY GUSHER.

Professional Doings.

—The Tourists will be revived next season.
—John Marshall goes with Sol Smith Russell.
—Ethel Brandon goes as leading lady to W. J. Scanlan.
—Ida Burrows will be John S. Murphy's leading lady.
—Henry Miller and Bijou Heron are at Long Branch.
—Mrs. D. P. Bowers is gone to Manchester-by-the-sea.
—Wesley Sisson is booking time for Frankie Kemble's season.
—Arthur Forrest has been engaged as leading man for Rhea.
—Charles Roblee will remain with M. B. Curtis next season.
—Charles Beech has signed for Lawrence Barrett's company.
—Nible's Garden is being thoroughly renovated and decorated.
—Edward Cleary went to his home at Covington, Ky., on Friday.
—Harry Macdonough remains with John A. McCaull next season.
—Sophie Hummel has taken Billie Barlow's place in the Adonis cast.
—Lillian Spencer opens her season at Jersey City early in September.
—Charles B. Hanford was wedded on Tuesday to a Washington lady.
—The St. Quinten Opera company went to pieces in Erie, Pa., last week.
—The rehearsals of Tony Hart's company begin in this city on July 10.
—Henry Donnelly has signed with Frank Sanger for The Skating-Rink.
—Charles and Ella Jerome joined the Capital Prize company on Monday.
—Augustin Daly's season in Chicago has thus far been a splendid success.
—Lewis Baker will be a member of J. T. Raymond's company next season.
—On July 4 Pauline Markham will play The Two Orphans at Red Bank, N. J.
—Forty weeks have been booked for the Tin Soldier company next season.
—Corydon F. Craig, the Western manager, will arrive in the city about Friday.
—Leonora Bradley will be John T. Raymond's leading support next season.
—Fanny Rice is gone to Franklin, N. H. where she will rest for the Summer.
—Maurice Barrymore is writing a comedy to order for the Wyndham company.
—Louise Fuller, of Chicago, a young sourette, will probably star nexiseason.
—George W. Deyo has gone to Chicago to support George Morton for three weeks.
—On Thursday Paul Pastor, brother of Tony Pastor, died at San Antonio, Texas.
—Samuel Fletcher has been engaged as one of the advance agents for George C. Miln.
—McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, remodelled and refitted, threw open its doors last night.
—Jennie Williams has been engaged by George S. Knight for Over the Garden Wall.
—George Seebold and J. T. Maguire will put Taken From Life on the road next season.
—Mrs. W. P. Sheldon has signed a two years' contract with Polk's Mixed Pickles company.
—George S. Knight has engaged James Sturges for his Over the Garden Wall company.
—Marius de Lazare has completed his burlesque of The Mikado for Appleton and Randolph.
—Mlle. Aimee closed season at Des Moines, Ia., on June 29, and sails for Europe next week.
—The Lillian Russell company will play Virginia in Boston as well as Polly and Billie Taylor.
—A. Z. Chipman and wife, Blanche Moulton, have gone to their home down-east for the Summer.
—Bertie Coote, who played with the Dreams company all last season, is very ill in Philadelphia.
—Charles Welch has been re-engaged by John Stetson for the Fifth Avenue Theatre next season.
—Charles W. Coote writes that the Eustis Burlesque company has made a hit in The Irish Sultan.
—The mother of William Lester, of Lester and Allen, died on Thursday last at her home in this city.
—Fort's Ideal Opera company, with Catherine Lewis as the star, opens at Atlantic City on Saturday.
—Frank Curtis is busy with preparations for his brother's season. He has the exclusive management.
—John C. Warner is filling time for Marc Klaw's company with Effie Ellsler in The Old Kentucky Home.
—The Metropolitan Musical Club has removed its quarters to East Fourteenth street. It is reorganizing.
—Joseph Polk, who has been made ill by a diet of Mixed Pickles, will return to the diet in this city in August.

—William De Vere and William Carleton will shortly give a course of lectures and readings after the Cable-Twain style.

—George Fawcett Rowe is engaged upon a musical comedy of the Pop order, which he expects to finish in a few days.

—W. S. Hewitt, of "It's English, ye Know," fame, has engaged to write four new and original songs for Tony Hart.

—Mr. and Mrs. King Hedley (Eleanor Moretti) will play George Hoey's Child of the State in the museums next season.

—W. L. Bowron will be Tony Hart's musical conductor. He is quite busy arranging the music for Mr. Hart's new comedy.

—Ben Maginlin, Forrest Robinson, W. H. Compton and Frank Currier have been re-engaged for May Blossom next season.

—Arrangements are pending for the extension of the engagement of the Typical Mexican Orchestra for three weeks longer.

—Jay Taylor, for a long time with the McCaull Opera company, has been engaged for the Emma Abbott company as tenor.

—For Congress will be played by the Raymond company at the Madison Square Theatre during the present Summer season.

—Harry Pepper returned to the city on Monday. He has just published "Happy Days of Long Ago" and two other songs.

—John A. McCaull will retain possession of Wallace's Theatre until Oct. 4, when he will move to Haverly's Theatre, Philadelphia.

—Manager R. E. J. Miles will present a new star next season. Her name is Sarah Price. She was formerly in one of his companies.

—James Tighe, formerly of the Lights of London and Lynwood companies, has signed to play leading business in The White Slave.

—A company playing The Russian Honey-moon opened in Plainfield, N. J., on Tuesday night under J. L. Blumenthal's management.

—C. B. Rhoads, the recently-elected Mayor of Wilmington, Del., is a teacher of singing. He made his debut in opera some years ago.

—Wolff Marks has published Albert Himan's song, "Oh, What Joy," as sung by Julia Polk in Mixed Pickles and Maggie Dean in Brother Max.

—J. S. Maffit, the clown, will play his old part, the Lone Fisherman, in Evangeline. E. S. Tarr has been engaged for Bazel and the King.

—Fred and Walter Lennox will go out with the No. 2 Skipped by the Light of the Moon company, playing Harrison and Gourlay's parts.

—Robert Fraser will go with E. F. Thorne, playing a pantomime part in the new play, Hearts and Handcuffs, and managing the stage.

—Morton and Southwell's Virginia Opera company, with Selina Dolore as star, opened at Atlantic City, N. J., on Monday for a short season.

—Pauline Markham will have two new plays in her repertoire next season. One, Princess Wanda, is a romantic drama in a prologue and five acts.

—George Schiller came to town from Boston on Monday to play at C. E. Rice's benefit. Next season he will open in Evangeline at the Bijou Opera House.

—The Casino programme is a wonderful affair. There was difficulty in arranging it to suit the professional etiquette of the several would-be stars engaged.

—An attraction has been booked for the last two weeks of August at the Union Square Theatre, but no information concerning it will be given by the management.

—Mabel Stephenson and Jay F. Rich open at Chester, Pa., on July 1 in a new musical comedy called The Crazy Quilt. J. B. Pendleton is managing the company.

—D. B. Hughes has been engaged as scenic artist at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Early in July he will begin work on the scenery for Clio, the next spectacle at Nible's.

—John E. Ince has fared fairly well with his Pop company, and says that money has been made so far. Last week the company rested, but resumed the season on Monday.

—Magician Kellar has just closed a six months' season at Egyptian Hall, Philadelphia. He returns in the Winter, and bids fair to become a second Signor Blitz in the Quaker City.

—W. L. Denison, for three years with the Madison Square Theatre companies, has just recovered from a severe rheumatic attack. He has signed with the C. W. Coudock company.

—Many of the professionals who have arrived lately from San Francisco state that The Jilt is generally conceded by those who have seen it to be a better play than London Assurance.

—Mrs. Charles Benton has appointed J. J. Spies as her agent for the Fort Worth Opera House. There appears to be some disagreement between her and Harry Greenwall regarding this house.

—Annie Boyd (Mrs. Harry Morris) will go with Harry Brown's Excelsior company next season, and leave the Capital Prize company. Joseph Harris, the clown, late with Fantasma, has also been engaged.

—At the conclusion of its run in this city, The Black Hussar will be put on in Boston and be done as a spectacle. A ballet and a local regiment will appear in the display on the stage of the Boston Theatre.

—Jacques Kruger and the No. 2 Skating-Rink company will travel with the No. 1 company for two weeks rehearsing. The latter company begins rehearsals at the Ocean Spray skating rink in August.

—Eugene Canfield has deserted the shady corners of the Square for his country-seat, Alpha Cottage, Bath, L. I., where he will remain until the beginning of the Fall season of the Bunch of Keys company.

—The Only a Woman's Heart company started on its trip toward the Pacific Coast last Sunday. Manager Fred. Hunter looks forward to good business in Canada, Michigan and Wisconsin during this month.

—Richard Fitzgerald is preparing the How ard Athenium for next season. It is the intention to engage the best foreign and native talent, and his agents in England are now negotiating with leading people there.

—Frank Goodwin will have a very strong company next season, which, when Clara Morris is not playing, will fill important dates, producing several popular dramas. He is about to engage people, but has not selected a leading man.

—A parcel containing the libretto of the Mikado, published in London, was sent by publishers here on Saturday.

—Vernona Jarbeau, after nearly a year's absence from the cast of Adonis, returned on Monday night, playing the role of Hattie Anderson, who has been playing late, has taken Miss Jarbeau's place in the Russell company and gone to Boston.

—J. J. Ryan, who goes with Edna Thorne next season, is filling dates for the Thorne's companies. Twenty-nine names have been booked for the new play, with which the star will travel himself. As yet no one has been engaged to play his part in The Black Flag.

—David Wheeler has been engaged by Dan Sully to manage A Capital Prize until The Corner Grocery returns from San Francisco, when he will join the latter company. W. G. Wheeler takes the trip to the Pacific Coast. Ada Melrose and J. B. Dyllan have left the Prize.

—The Mt. Morris Theatre will be reopened about the middle of August as a combination house by W. A. Howard. He states that a year's rent, \$5,000, has been paid in advance, and that he is now decorating and renovating the auditorium and making certain structural alterations.

—The following have been engaged for the George C. Miln company: George W. Mitchell, Edward Clifford, Fred Mann, W. Chatterton, J. R. Emory, Clarence Pitt, Francis Field, Lillian Billings and Virginia Periton. F. S. Cunningham has bought the opening night at Peekskill, N. Y., for \$100.

—S. P. Norman has been re-engaged by Manager Hill, for whom he managed Murray and Murphy last season. The Irish Violon is being re-written, and several promising musical artists engaged for the company. Mr. Norman leaves on Saturday to spend the Summer with the stars at Mount Clemens, Mich.

—William Elton, the English comedian, who was in Wallace's company a few years ago, and who made great hits in The World, The Parvenu and The Gaynor has been again engaged by cable for next season by Mr. Wallace. Since his departure from these shores he has done good work at the London Gaiety.

—Harry Jackson has concluded to quit singing in his play, Queen's Evidence. The young comedian has received many congratulations from his friends on the fortunate termination of his recent court troubles. His wife, Florence Nobles, has for many seasons been in the support of Mrs. Jassonich and other eminent actresses.

—H. S. Taylor is booking Secretary Ward's farewell tour. She opens at the Bijou Theatre, San Francisco, on Oct. 12, and will be supported by the stock company of that city during the Coast tour. The company will include Forget-Me-Not, The Queen's Favorite, Nance Oldfield, Lawrence Morgan, May Merillies, Maden, Macbeth and Maimon.

—The Southwestern Opera House, Glenside, composed of eleven towns in Kansas and Missouri, is ready for bookings. The circuit has a population of about 70,000, with tributaries to swell the ranks of the theatre-goers. The towns average twenty-five miles apart. W. P. Patterson, of Fort Scott, Kas., is President, and Don Kinney, of Butler, Mo., Secretary.

—Lizzie Evans is the city talking road and dancing lessons. Dondy and Fanny's Ferry are being revived and will be retained in her repertoire. Manager Callahan says that he has booked time until beyond the holidays, all in week stands. The season opens at Lexington, Ky., on August 25. Miss Evans will appear at the People's Theatre, New York, in November. E. E. Maraden and Lizzie Evans have been engaged for the company.

—The 300th night of Adonis closed the attendance of a larger audience than has ever crowded the building. There was no vacant standing room, and the performance did not end until long after eleven o'clock. Every member of the cast received floral gifts, some of which were marvels in construction. Balloons, crosses, hearts and other devices were presented. A supper was served in the basement, which lasted until the early hours of the morning.

—Judging by the applause which the French officers of the *Flare and Lure* bestowed upon the performance of Billie Taylor at the Casino on Saturday night, they must have yielded it considerably; because it is treated of naval and marine affairs. Ryley's burlesque of an English Admiral tickled them immensely, and Vernona Jarbeau's French manner rather caught on. During the concert on the roof-garden, the guests sat at a long table on the northwest side, which was laden with the wines of their country.

—The following are additional attractions booked by Harry Greenwall during the past week for his Texas circuit for next season: Rhea, Bandmann, Dan Sully, The World, Rag Baby, Private Secretary, Milan Opera company, Pauline Markham, Kerns' Minstrels, Bella Moore, Tally-Ho, Lizzie Evans and Devil's Auction. He says: "Daily reports which I receive from Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas are full of encouragement for a great season."

—H. S. Taylor denies the statement that he receives a commission from the opera houses he represents and the attractions he books as well. He says that where he does not represent any theatre which he supplies with an attraction, is the only instance in which any charge is made the latter. From opera house managers he receives an annual sum, and represents them all the year round. At present he has eighty theatres and many stars on his list.

—Emma and Mandy Howard, formerly with the Di Murska, Kellogg and other grand opera companies, went to the West Indies with the Slavin Opera company. They returned to the city last week, complaining of Manager Slavin's treatment. After they left him they gave concerts and scenes from Il Trovatore, Bohemian Girl and other operas with some success and profit. All the English garrison attended the performances, and Bandmaster Sidney and the band of the First North Staffordshire Regiment assisted.

—The Dreamland Tree, a Mother Goose play, the libretto of which has been written by Charles Barnard, and the music by Frank Howson, will probably be produced some time next month at the different watering-places by a company of twenty-five children. Among the principals already engaged are Ellen Fernandez, Baby Wood, May Ethel, Alice and Louis Chiochi, Alice Marshall, Willie and Lily Wilson, Marie Morison, Mattie and Lizzie Yore, Mabel and Jack Oakley. Mrs. E. L. Farnham probably act as stage manager.

SARA VON LEER

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVES LABORS LOST.

It is pitiable that McCullough has at last had to be placed under restraint, particularly as his case is now probably past recovery, and it is unlikely that he will ever again emerge from the retreat of Bloomingdale. But no sane or sensible person will assert that the confinement is unnecessary or cruel. McCullough is better off where he is, cared for and closely watched, than he was when permitted to go about at his own free will, in danger of doing bodily harm to himself or others. His friends are to be congratulated on having at last awakened to a sense of their responsibility and taken the matter into their own hands. They are only to be blamed for not placing the tragedian under treatment months ago, when there was a possibility of the disease from which he is suffering being cured, or, at all events, arrested in its fatal progress.

Of course Captain Conner and the rest of McCullough's intimate friends at first felt delicate about shouldering the responsibility of doing what they have at length felt obliged to do, owing to the strange indifference manifested by McCullough's relatives—persons who should have assumed authority to act. It is remarkable that their apathy was not the indirect cause of some tragic climax. The weak intellect of the actor, as it was, resulted in attempted violence to several of his friends. At divers times he has attacked Conner, Will McConnell and an employee at the Sturtevant. The friendship of the first-named gentleman for his old friend and business associate cannot be impugned for an instant. From mistaken motives of kindness he refrained for a good while from taking the steps necessary to put the actor in an asylum. In at last doing this he is upheld by all right-thinking persons and all well-wishers of McCullough. At Bloomingdale the tragedian has all the privileges he should properly enjoy; he is safe from harm and he has the benefit of the best medical attention. In not this better than to see him roaming the streets and visiting the bar-rooms of our hotels, the butt for cruel comment, the object of idle curiosity?

There were two funny things about the production of Nanon at the Casino Monday. One was the typographical arrangement of the cast on the programmes; the other was the extraordinary quantity of flowers dumped indiscriminately at the feet of the principals at frequent intervals throughout the performance. There were four people who had to be featured on the house-bills: Sadie Martinot, because she is prima donna; William Carleton, because he sang the leading male role; Francis Wilson, because he is principal comedian, and Gustavus Levick, because he is a leading *jeune premier* of the dramatic stage—who for a consideration—stooped to play a minor part in a comic opera. Edward Aronson displayed unlimited diplomacy and inventive capacity in fixing the printed cast so that all these diverse elements would spare his valuable life. He put Sadie Martinot at the top of the list—a place of honor to which she could not possibly object. Mr. Carleton came further down with the parenthetical clause "specially engaged" to preserve his dignity and position. The name of Francis Wilson, preceded by the portentous conjunction "and," came next the foot. Another "and," with the extra dash of syrup, "by special arrangement," followed opposite Mr. Levick's name at the bottom of this wonderful display of ingenuity. The plain, go-as-you-please artists were strewn in wherever a star principal could be separated from another of the same category. Really the conceit of comic opera singers is absurd. What matters it in what type or what place their names are printed? By their acts shall we know them—lines on the bill give the singer no prominence that is not achieved by his or her personal efforts on the stage before the audience.

Maubury and Overton's Plans.

Last week the Maubury and Overton company returned to the city, having played, since August 23, a season of thirty-eight weeks. In an interview with C. C. Maubury in regard to the season, that gentleman said:

"While business everywhere with the majority of companies has been bad, we played a long season, and cannot complain on the whole. Both Mr. Overton and myself are taking things quietly at present, and making arrangements for next season slowly. During the past year we have produced Woman

Against Woman, A Ring of Iron, and The Wages of Sin. Next season, which I think will open about Sept. 21, we will keep The Wages of Sin as the prominent feature of our repertoire. The Wages will be done in New York again, and I am sure will repeat the great business we did at the Fourteenth Street and People's Theatres. At the latter we beat the receipts of The Shadows of a Great City, which did an immense business. The principal new production will be a comedy by Frank Harvey, called Naughty Men, which has just made a hit in Dublin. We shall localize it, and probably change the title. We have several other pieces in the safe, but I think for the present that The Wages of Sin and Naughty Men will prove good cards."

Miss St. Quentin's Troubles.

It was announced on Monday that the Lizzie St. Quentin Opera company had disbanded and was in great distress at Erie, Pa. The little prima donna wrote and telegraphed to Manager Stevens, of the Lizzie Evans company, explaining her position and denying that she had disbanded. Mr. Stevens called at THE MIRROR office yesterday and spoke about the affair as follows:

"No one knows what trouble Miss St. Quentin has had. She has been the victim all along of bad management. Of course, she is to blame for permitting it; but she knew no better and trusted people who were unknown to her. For eighteen months she has been under contract to a man named Norman, and she has lost what money she had made. While in Erie, according to her telegram to me, she could not prevail upon certain members of her company to attend to their business, as they were rioting about the town most disgracefully. I can get all the capital that is necessary to keep her going. All her salaries are paid up, and she does not owe money. Many managers have at various times offered her engagements and others desired to star her; but on inquiry she found they had no capital or money. She has ridden herself of her late managers, reorganized, and is now out of the difficulty which the correspondent of a certain newspaper so exaggerated. Here is a telegram dated June 30: 'Management acted meanly, so thought it best to close temporarily. Want several chorus people and a conductor.'"

But this is only one side of the story. Miss Lizzie St. Quentin has had a varied experience since her arrival in this country some two years ago.

Daniel's Judgment.

Manager Daniel Frohman dropped into THE MIRROR office yesterday, looking the picture of health after his extended Western trip. He is not quite so sanguine of the future as many other managers, and has evidently given the coming season much study.

"While I believe it will be possible to make money," said he, "I do not look for a general condition of prosperity for another season at least; my reason being the stagnation which certainly exists in nearly all branches of trade. I will therefore confine my energies and attention to the management of Madame Modjeska's tour and the May Blossom company. While in 'Frisco I was interested in Impulse, May Blossom and Fedora. Miss Davenport made an immense hit. Our season lasted for six weeks."

"The May Blossom company will open at Montreal on Sept. 21, and will play soon after at Niblo's Garden. All the time has been filled, many return dates being secured."

"Upon the Modjeska tour I will expend my best efforts. Her season opens at the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, on October 3, and Manager Hill is already making preparations. She will probably play one week earlier at Buffalo. All her time is filled. Fred. Stinson will be business manager, and I will travel with the company myself. Three new plays will be produced—the Princess Zillah, already spoken of, which Jane Hading, the French actress, is playing in London, and which will also be done shortly at the St. James Theatre by the Kendals; Donna Diana, a strong comedy from a Spanish source; and a version of Diane de Lys, which Fanny Davenport played during her last London engagement. Then she will appear in other characters in her repertoire, and we have new plays under consideration. Regarding her support, I am determined that she shall have as good a company as possible. Frank Clements has been re-engaged, and the Madame has secured in England a leading man named Vanderfeld, who is well up in the leading roles of her plays. He is a promising actor, and, if report is correct, will make a name for himself here."

"When Boucicault produces The Jilt here, by the way, people will be surprised. It is the best comedy I've seen in years, and will be the hit of next season. I think it would run a year in England, and certainly six months in New York."

A Grass Widow.

Charles T. Vincent said yesterday to a MIRROR representative: "When Mr. Warren and myself joined hands in order to produce my farce-comedy, A Grass Widow, we resolved not to apply for a date in New York or any prominent city; so we tested it at Jamaica, L. I., a short time ago, with results that are flattering. A large house attended to judge the play, and it went with a 'go.' I have

striven to be original in the construction, situations, dialogue and characters, and I think I have succeeded. Each character is cranky upon some particular subject; one a devotee of art, another of love, and others in turn of nature, spiritualism, mischief, men, and so on. We were well assisted by W. C. Deal, Louis Grisel, Alfred Jones, Carrie Allen, Lizzie Goode and Nellie Lingard. In the Fall we shall fill a few special dates in leading cities, and if its success is endorsed we will keep A Grass Widow out all the season."

The Actors' Fund.

The case of Ada Stanwood, who has been detained by illness and debts in North Worth, Texas, has been satisfactorily settled. Sixty-five dollars was sent her to enable her to reach her home in Brooklyn.

There are but two new applications to be acted upon to-day.

The Secretary's annual report is in the printer's hands, and will soon be ready for delivery.

Manager Eugene Tompkins, of Boston, has written to Mr. Baker in the matter of J. T. Fannin, arrested in that city for vagrancy and committed. After investigation, Mr. Tompkins writes that Fannin is in good health and better off where he is. Guided by this, the Fund will do nothing in his behalf.

Manager B. C. Hart, of Cleveland, has written a complimentary letter to the Fund and applied for membership.

During the week ended June 27, \$167 was expended in relief. The funeral expenses of Effie Johns, at Chicago, \$50, were paid.

New members: Bessie F. Hunter, Loduski Young, Harley Merry, Mrs. Harley Merry, George A. Dalton, Will C. Cowper, Henry Bergman, John C. Burleigh and John Swinburne. Life-members: Samuel Colville and Israel Fleischman—each paying \$50.

Mr. Davidson's Avalanches.

Dore Davidson is as busy as he can possibly be at present with numberless schemes looking to the success of his play Lost, with which he goes out next season with Ramie Austen. When THE MIRROR reporter saw him, the other day, he was walking with rapid strides past the Morton House, in spite of the nods and greetings of numerous friends.

"I star jointly with Miss Austen in Lost," he said, "she playing Naomi Clayton and I the part of Chuff. The latter character is quaint and original—something on the Rip Van Winkle style—and is certain to attract attention. Some papers have asserted that the play is a very old melodrama, Benighted, but they are wrong. The piece has been written by James Bird Wilson, although I gave him the material to work with and told him of the mechanical schemes I wanted to have introduced. There will be a number of heavy spectacular effects. One of them, an avalanche scene, that occurs in the fourth act, I have had patented, and two scenic artists are at present engaged on it. It is something like that seen in Pauvette, but the incidents are quite different. The act is as follows: Chuff, who is a half-witted lad, is aiding Naomi and her child in their escape over the Grampian Mountains. They are pursued by enemies. When part way over, their journey is interrupted by a heavy fall of snow. Shelter is sought in an old fir hut, but both Naomi and Chuff fear for their safety, as the locality is known to be visited yearly by avalanches. While in the hut they are threatened by just what they had feared. For miles and miles they, as well as the audience, can see the spray that heralds the approach of the avalanche. Rocks and boulders begin to roll down the mountain-side. Then there is a novel wind effect. The branches of the trees shake and the saplings bow down. A crash is heard and the avalanche is upon them, covering the hut up to the windows. They rush to the doors and the windows only to meet a sea of snow everywhere. By a crack in the ceiling through which a gleam of light streams, Chuff realizes that they are not entirely buried. He manages to cut his way out and into the branches of a large fir-tree that grows near by, and looks about to see what chances there are of escape."

"As he sits perched on one of the branches, a huge boulder crushes its way down and tears away a limb not a foot away from him. Then comes the second avalanche. Layer after layer of the snow slides further down the mountain-side until the audience sees Chuff just a little above the surface on the limb of the tree. The hut is about to be crushed. An arm is seen protruding. Chuff tries to grasp it, but in vain. Then the arm is withdrawn. The child is pressed forward. With a desperate effort Chuff leans outward as far as possible and grasps it. As he does so a rushing noise is heard and the hut caves in."

"In the next act the audience learns that Naomi escapes in spite of this catastrophe. The avalanche passes off in six days, and this fact, which people who are not acquainted with the country might not believe, is shown by another novel scene. Huge sprays of snow are driven across the hills by the wind."

"You can see from the synopsis of the acts I have given you that the piece is full of interest."

"When do you produce the play?" asked the reporter.

"I will put it on at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, on September 7. J. B. Dickson will have the management. I have not yet engaged a company. C. L. Graves will, however, be my stage manager. So far considerable money has been spent. In the third act there is a novel revolving scene, and that alone has cost me \$2,000. Besides, I have contracted to spend \$2,500 already in printing."

"A novelty in the advertising of the play will be the representation of Miss Austen as

the Barholdt Statue of Liberty, both in photographs and statuettes."

Robson and Crane's Errors.

From the manner in which preparations are going on at present, the production of Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors at the Star Theatre by Messrs. Robson and Crane, on the 5th of September next, for four weeks, is going to be the most elaborate and gorgeous representation that has ever been seen on the New York, and perhaps the American, stage, since the beginning of its history. Up in his studio at No. 1270 Broadway, Captain Alfred Thompson, the artist and stage director, is working away like a beaver to perfect the artistic success of the play, while Joseph Brooks, the manager, is kept just as active in getting the company together and arranging for the tour that will follow the New York representation.

When a MIRROR reporter called on Captain Thompson, on Tuesday, that gentleman was found hard at work. On an easel near the door, surrounded by the numerous articles of vertu and bric-a-brac that always adorn a painter's studio, rested a beautiful picture of an apartment in some magnificent dwelling-place of the ancients, while on others were similar scenes of an Oriental character.

"That is one of the scenes that are to be used in the comedy," said the artist, pointing to the picture. "It is the interior of the house of Antipholus. Ephesus, you know, was, in the Second century, the time at which the occurrences in the play are supposed to have taken place, under the rule of the Romans, though it still retained in its style much of the Greek. For that reason much of the representation will be of a Greco-Roman nature. In the Second century, too, Ephesus was considered the finest seaport of the world, and in that we have the authority for the elaborate appointments that are to be used. Everything put on will be the result of study, and nothing will be shown for which I will not be able to give good authority for the using. Here are the different designs for the supernumeraries. There are the Egyptian harpists, the Pretorian guard, the priestesses of Diana, the flute-players, the heralds and the dancing-girls. If you were to ask the how I knew that such and such a dress was worn, I could tell you that it is because such and such drawings were found in Pompeii, or that certain authorities had so described them. That costume I know was worn by the Pretorian guard, only it might not have had as much gold on as I have put there to make a good stage effect."

"It may seem egotistic, perhaps, but I can safely say that I have all the different costumes of the different periods right at my fingers' ends. In making up the dresses I modify and improve as I see fit. That costume of Pinch, the quack doctor, for instance, is an invention; but I could prove, on good authority, that it was the costume worn at that time. I have been at this sort of work for sixteen years, and I fully believe that I know it pretty well. Over in England I have a very large collection of books on the subject. When I first began I wrote all the plays for the Gaiety Theatre for five years. So badly were they costumed in London that I determined to mount them myself. Then other managers began coming to me—Charles Calvert, Henry Irving and Jarrett and Palmer, for whom I did Sardanapalus. I was the first to put on a Japanese piece—it was a sort of an opera bouffe—on the stage in London, some twelve years ago at the Gaiety, the music of which was written by Hervé, and from that sprang the craze that has finally resulted in The Mikado. The piece had an immense success, and in case Mr. Duff should fall in his effort to produce The Mikado, I believe he would put it on, in which case I would entirely rewrite it."

"But this is not telling you about the Comedy of Errors, is it?" continued the Captain.

"Well, here is one of the processions. See the dancing-girls and the priestesses, all in those costumes I showed you. The only difficulty I find here in America, by the way, in getting this sort of work done, is that I have to give so many details. They do not seem accustomed to big shows here. Now, over in England there wasn't the slightest trouble. I am delighted with the manner, though, in which the scenic artists grasp one's ideas and go into the work to produce a perfect ensemble. Henry Hoyt and Philip Goatcher are now at the scenery, but when it will be finished I cannot say. The dresses are being made by Miss Sheppard and Miss Fisher, of London, while Mr. Hirsch, of Paris, is making the armor. The music will be all arranged by Robert Stoepel, while the ballet will be under the direction of Signor Novissimo. Before the piece is produced a beautiful pamphlet will be given out, for which I am now drawing the designs. It will include pictures of the port of Ephesus, the Rock Cut Church, the interior of the house of Antipholus, the Palace of Justice, the interior of Phryne's house, and drawings of the principal characters in costume."

"When will rehearsals begin?" was asked of Mr. Brooks, who entered the office just at this juncture.

"In the first week of August," replied he. "I cannot give you any names at present, but the cast engaged will be one of general excellence. Altogether there will be between 200 and 250 people on the stage, and fully 100 or more behind the scenes—carpenters, gasmen, machinists, electricians, property-men, etc. There will also be between thirty and forty children, and, as a whole, the play will be put on as elegantly as we know how to do it. We are not going to stop at any expense, and shall give every detail, whether the cost is \$40,000 or \$50,000, or even more. There is one thing you may be sure of—that it will be the greatest thing ever seen here. Even what Irving has done will be beaten. His Romeo and Juliet was lavish, but it was too lavish to bring over, and the Americans did not see it. We are starting in with great expense, but we believe that it is warranted by the success that such an elaborate production is bound to secure. Messrs. Robson and Crane have starred the country without anything of this sort before, have made from \$50,000 to \$75,000 every season, and they are spending the money needed for this production in the belief that it will come back to them. It is something that has never been done before by actors. And they deserve credit for their venture."

"Has your tour been made out yet?"

"Oh, yes; we remain at the Star Theatre for four weeks only, at the regular prices of the

house, which will be maintained at the country. Then we go to the Grand Opera House, Chicago, for two weeks, and then to St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and Washington, which will take us up to the end of February."

Professional Doings.

—It is said that Polly has not achieved much of a success in Boston.

—Denman Thompson is having a successful season in San Francisco.

—On Sunday, July 5, Daly's company leaves Chicago for San Francisco.

—Sealed Instructions was a failure in Chicago; but Manager Palmer had a guarantee.

—Leonora Bradley desires it stated that she has entirely recovered from her recent illness.

—J. L. Newmyer will manage Kunkle's Opera House at Irwin Station, Pa., next season.

—J. B. Polk begins his season in Mixed Pickles at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on August 31.

—James L. Edwards is receiving flattering notices for his performance of the Baron in the Galley Slave company on the road.

—Annie Mor e, now playing leading roles at Uhrig's Cave, St. Louis, has been engaged for Ford's Opera company for next season.

—Roland G. I. Barrett has just repurchased the Crystal Palace Opera House, Montreal, and will open it with the Standard Opera company.

—W. T. Grover, a bright young son of Leonard Grover, the well-known comedian, has been engaged as treasurer of C. W. Durant's Favette company.

—One of the most popular resorts in the neighborhood of the Square is the establishment presided over by Eugene Ebrin. His refreshments are of the best quality and his Summer Garden is the meeting-place of many prominent members of the profession. Mr. Ebrin is universally liked. His hospitality and sociability are unbounded.

—Newton Gouthro will superintend the production and enact the leading role of a new play in Chicago on July 15. It is a military drama, from the pen of C. T. Daney, and is entitled For a Brother's Sake; or, The Footsteps of War. Mr. Daney produced a new play in Fargo, Dak., a few months ago. This may be the same.

—There is no truth in the rumor that the Rosenfeld Opera company, now in Chicago, had disbanded before opening its season. A letter was received yesterday by Fred. McCloy from the manager and manager, stating that he will open at the Milwaukee on Monday, playing a week there before proceeding to the Black Hawk in Chicago.

—Gustave Amberg, before his departure for Europe, is said to have secured a contract with Alfred Thompson to have the latter write a play for him in English. What the German manager's intentions are, few know, but it is to be known the probability that he will produce English versions of some of the German plays of which he holds the exclusive rights.

—Despite reports to the contrary, Tony Hart has not secured a date at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in August. Instead of that he opens his preliminary season at Fairmount, N. J., on July 27, going from there to Fairfield, Asbury Park and Red Bank. The comedy in which he appears is by William Gill, and the star plays six or seven characters. Mrs. Hart has a subterfuge and boy part.

—Preparations will be begun soon to work for the presentation of E. E. Kibler's new comedy, Six at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which Myra Goodwin is to make her New York debut as a star. Her principal support is George Richards, who takes the part of an old, broad-based circus clown. The plot of the play is founded on the scheme of certain parties to defraud a life-insurance company out of a large policy.

—George Waters' hotel, The Woodbine, at Highbridge, should be a popular place for professionals who desire a pleasant place adjacent to the city whereto to pass their vacation. The hotel is finely situated on the Harlem; it has pleasant grounds, large rooms and an excellent cuisine. Moreover the rates are very moderate. Highbridge is but a ride of twenty minutes from the Square, and the trains of two railroads run at short intervals during the day.

—Some \$50,000 is to be expended in decorations, new upholstery and other improvements at the Academy of Music. Thomas E. Jackson, the architect, has drawn plans, etc. But little improvement has been made in the interior of the house since it was built. Heavy gold borders will reduce the proscenium opening two feet. An improved chair will be introduced in the auditorium. The proscenium boxes will be elegantly refurnished and the old chandeliers replaced with something more modern.

—George S. Knight believes in pleasing the eye as well as exciting the sensibilities of his audiences. He has had three new female parts introduced into Over the Garden Wall, and they will be filled by three as pretty young ladies as one can see in a walk about the Square. Both the first and last acts of the comedy have been re-written. The only change in the company is the engagement of James Sturges, who takes the place of Beth M. Crane. The season opens at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on August 31.

—"From what I know of the copyright laws," said Gus. Brentano to a MIRROR reporter yesterday, "there is nothing whatever to prevent anybody who cares about doing it from re-publishing and selling in this country both the scores and the libretto of Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado, or from producing it on the stage, just as was done with Pirates of Penzance, Billie Taylor, Pinafore, etc. The only difference this time in the case of the score is that Mr. Tracy, an American writer, has written the accompaniment; but that really amounts to nothing."

—Alfred Thompson is at present snatching all the spare moments he can from his work with the Comedy of Errors to perfect the costumes for his piece, Pepita; or, The Girl with the Glass Eye. It is Mr. Thompson's desire to produce the opera at the Casino, but it is quite doubtful whether his wish will be gratified. The costumes for the people in it are of Spanish and Mexican design and very fantastic—that of an old professor, the master part in the piece, being exceedingly odd. Lillian Russell, who is to create the title role, the artist has designed dresses that are to please that lady, in that they are artistic and appropriate.

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Theatrical business in Newport is at a stand-still. Edwin Booth has arrived for the season at his cottage on Indian Avenue. Miss Booth and husband, who are now travelling in Europe, are expected to arrive in Newport the latter part of August, when they will be the guests of Mr. Booth. Lawrence Barrett, it is rumored, will visit Newport this season, and be the guest of Mr. Booth. J. H. Ryley of the New York Casino and a party of friends, made a trip to Newport this week in his sloop-yacht *Madeline*.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON.

The Academy of Music, after being closed for five weeks, was opened June 26 for the Centennial Commemoration of the Charleston College and the annual celebration of the Chrestomathic Society of the College. Hon. W. Courtenay May, the Faculty of the College and many other prominent officials were present. Addresses were delivered by the president of the College, W. D. Gaillard, President of the Chrestomathic Society, and others. The Academy was crowded.

The third Summer-night concert at Germany Artillery Hall, 25th, was well attended. The Summerville Dramatic Club will appear in David Garrick at Summerville, S. C., on the 2d, proceeds of the performance to go toward building their new hall, a suitable location having been secured.

Personals: Ben Maginley, in his "First Visit to France," recalls forcibly dear Farmer Rogers and big-hearted Tom Blossom. In his writing he preserves the same charm which pervades his acting—naturalness.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS.

The California Company, which filled a delayed engagement of four nights at Estival Park last week has gone to pieces, the baggage being attached for various small amounts. The same mishap befell them in stand played previous to Memphis. They are still here, endeavoring to raise the wind. Henry Collins, a member of the co., announces a benefit next Sunday at Estival Park.

The Fay Templeton Opera Co. opens here June 30 for an unlimited season.

UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Salt Lake Theatre (Caine and Clawson, managers): Miss Ames, both, did not meet with as great success here as on her first visit. So few tickets had been sold for the matinee that it was thought best to refund the money. This is the first time this house has been put to this very disagreeable extremity in many years. The night performance of *Diogenes* was well attended and the audience was very pleasant. The co. was domiciled at Andy Brien's Valley-House Cottages, and while here took a ride about town. The most ultra-fashonable audience seen in the city in a long time was present and, to hear B. Young and Madame Mazzucato Young sing and play. The concert was a great success artistically and financially. Mr. and Mrs. Young have but recently returned from abroad, where they have been studying for several years.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND.

Sanger Hall: The Mozart Association gave its regular weekly musicale on June 29. Withwithstanding the warm weather, there was a very large audience. The following programme was rendered to the satisfaction of all present: Overture (Mozart), orchestra; violin solo (De Bériot), Prof. Koenig; piano solo "The Two Seasons" (Gluck), Mrs. Saline R. Doggett, of Fredericksburg; selections from *The Black Hussar* (Millock), orchestra; sextette, "Frisch" (Ingemann), instrumental; also solo, "The Two Seasons" (Gluck), Mrs. S. R. Doggett; piano, "Mauselnder," orchestra.

Item: The Summer-garden concerts held semi-weekly (Tuesdays and Fridays) at Sanger Hall and Sanger's Gardens are well attended, each occasion heralded by brass and string bands has been engaged for the season.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House (R. L. Marsh, manager): The Beggar Student was put on by the Thompson Opera Co. for the third week of the engagement, opening June 29, and has been a decided success, the audience being the largest and most appreciative that have yet patronized this excellent co. The co. was materially strengthened by the presence of Carrie Godfrey, this being her first appearance during the engagement. Miss Godfrey sang and acted the part of Laura with a dash and vigor that was quite refreshing. Possessed of a fine figure, a handsome face, and a strong, clear, well-trained voice, she has reason to be proud of her success. Miss Henshaw as sprightly as ever as Bronzina. Her duet with Janitzka in the second act, and the solo "O' the Mamma," being particularly well done. Miss Roche was excellent as the Countess, and as an actress she was singing of the interpolated solo of "L'etel Signore" from *Les Huguenots*. Miss Vining makes a very handsome Lieutenant Poppington. Mr. MacCollins repeated his success as General Olinde and Willet. Madame S. R. Doggett, and Philip Branson as Janitzka were both excellent in their parts. The costumes were new and handsome, the chorus strong, the stage setting, as usual, of the best, and altogether it far surpassed the performance of last winter. Rapier to the surprise of the public the engagement of the Thompson Opera Co., which was to have lasted two weeks, came to an untimely end, at the close of the third week. This was by mutual understanding with Manager Marsh, the cause being bad business. This is hardly to be wondered at when we recollect that the opening operas, *Lothario*, *Patience* and *Billie Taylor*, have been preceded here by professional failures. The co. was not a success of them. This week's business has demonstrated what might have been done had the Beggar Student, or something comparatively new, been presented. The co. played Monday night, in Oshkosh, Ashland and Kenosha, and opened at the Chicago Exposition Building on the 6th, returning here in August and appearing in Menasha and the Mikado, at the Park. The Sidney Rosenfeld Opera Co. opens at the Grand Opera House on the 6th in *The Mikado*, and continues through the week.

Schultz Park (Jacob Litt, manager): The Milan Opera Co. is in its second week at the Park, and business has been very good in spite of bad weather. The opera presented were Lucia, Faust, Martha, Norma, *Il Trovatore*, etc. On Friday morning, owing to a pouring rain, the few who attended were clamorous with a good reason. The Milan Opera Co. was not a success of them. This week's business has demonstrated what might have been done had the Beggar Student, or something comparatively new, been presented. The co. played Monday night, in Oshkosh, Ashland and Kenosha, and opened at the Chicago Exposition Building on the 6th, returning here in August and appearing in Menasha and the Mikado, at the Park. The Sidney Rosenfeld Opera Co. opens at the Grand Opera House on the 6th in *The Mikado*, and continues through the week.

St. Louis Park (Jacob Litt, manager): The Milan Opera Co. is in its second week at the Park, and business has been very good in spite of bad weather. The opera presented were Lucia, Faust, Martha, Norma, *Il Trovatore*, etc. On Friday morning, owing to a pouring rain, the few who attended were clamorous with a good reason. The Milan Opera Co. was not a success of them. This week's business has demonstrated what might have been done had the Beggar Student, or something comparatively new, been presented. The co. played Monday night, in Oshkosh, Ashland and Kenosha, and opened at the Chicago Exposition Building on the 6th, returning here in August and appearing in Menasha and the Mikado, at the Park. The Sidney Rosenfeld Opera Co. opens at the Grand Opera House on the 6th in *The Mikado*, and continues through the week.

Madison: The Thomas Orchestra of sixty musicians, supported by Miss Fursch-Madi, Max Heinrich and William Winch as soloists, gave a very fine concert June 30. The hall was packed to suffocation, and many were unable to gain admission. Receipts amounted to over \$1,000.

SHEBOYGAN.

Sheboygan Opera House (J. M. Kohler, manager): Clara Louise Kellogg Concert Co., June 24, to large and enthusiastic audience. Will L. Smith's Swiss Bell-Ringers, 25th, 26th, 27th, at ten and twenty cents. Congratulations: In last week's MIRROR I noticed the announcement of the marriage of Harry B. Emery to Katie Putnam, and although late in the day I wish to send my hearty congratulations, knowing that this MIRROR is Mr. Emery's favorite paper and the only medium through which I can reach him.

CANADA.

TORONTO.

Grand Opera House (O. B. Sheppard, manager): On Dominion Day, July 1, a joint benefit will be tendered Harry Rich and J. A. Fraser, Jr., on which occasion a new comedy entitled *Muddled*, by Mr. Fraser, will be produced. It is now in rehearsal.

MONTREAL.

Academy of Music (Henry Thomas, manager): The Grand French Opera Co. closed its engagement June 23. La Fille du Tambour-Major was sung at the last performance. The house remains closed until September. Grand Movement: The Janet Edmondson Opera Co. drew the largest houses of the season week of 22. P. J. P. of Penzance was the bill. The opera was put on in a manner which equalled here. All Fisher as the Sergeant of Police made a distinct hit. He is very funny.

Grand Palace: J. M. Gilmour is booked for 29th in *The Beggar Student*. He is a very good actor. He claims that he was brought to the Grand Palace by a two weeks' engagement, and

that the managers of the Royal broke the contract by engaging the Edmondson Opera Co.—The costumes used in A Very Odd Trick and The Sorcerer have been seized by Hayden, the costumer, of Boston.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of travelling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

AUGUSTIN DALY'S Co.: Chicago, June 1, five weeks; San Francisco, July 13, four weeks.
A MOUNTAIN PINK CO. (Laura Dainty): Seattle, Wash. Terr., 3, 4; Astoria, Ore. 6; Salem, 1; Walla Walla, Wash. Terr., 13 to 17; Missoula, Mont., 20; Deer Lodge, 21; Arcadia, 22; Butte City, 23, 24, 25; Helena, 27, 28; Roseman, 29.
ATKINSON'S PECK'S BAD BOY CO.: Missoula, Mont. July 2; Deer Lodge 3; Arcadia, 4; Butte City, 6, 7, 8; Helena, 9, 10, 11; Hot-man, 13.
AIKEN-ROGERS CO.: Creston, Ia., 20, week; Moline, Ill., July 4, week.
ALL-STAR CO.: Buffalo, 20, week.
RANDOLPH CONNOR'S Co.: Louisville 20, week.
READLE AND PRINDLE CO.: Fargo, D. T., July 4.
BARRY AND FAY: Oakland, Cal., 20, week; Kansas City, 20, week.
AUGUST 1.
BUCHANAN CO.: Harlan, Ia., 20, week.
COLD DAY CO.: Denver, Col., 20, week.
DIXIE BURLESQUE CO.: N. Y. City—Indefinite season.
DRAPE'S UNCLE TOM CO.: Toledo, O., 20, week.
DEMAN THOMPSON: San Francisco, 23, three weeks; Portland, Ore., July 20, week.
ESMERALDA CO.: Worcester, Mass., 20, week.
EAGLE DRAMATIC CO.: Eaton, O., 20, week.
ETHEL TUCKER: Springfield, Ill., 20, week.
FRED WARD: Salt Lake, 20, week; Denver, July 13, week.
FUN ON THE BRISTOL: Terre Haute, Ind., 20, week; Cincinnati, July 6, week.
GRACE HAWTHORNE: Hastings, Neb., 2, 3, 4; Grand Island, 6, 7; N. Platte, 8; Ft. Sidney, 9; Cheyenne, Wyo., 10, 11; Denver, 13, week.
GILDA'S COLLARS AND CUFFS: Milwaukee, 20, week.
GEORGE MORTON: Chicago, 6, two weeks.
GALLEY SLAVE CO.: Chicago, 6, two weeks.
GRACE EMMETT CO.: Geneva, N. Y., 20, week; Lyons, July 6, 7, 8; Clyde, 9, 10, 11.
HARRY WARRER: Topeka, Kas., 20, week; Atchison, 20, week.
HARRIS' CO.: Boston, 20, week.
HOOP OF GOLD: New Haven, 20, week.
HERGE'S BAD BOY CO.: Newark, O., 20, week.
HILL'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE CO.: Canandaigua, N. Y., 20, week.
JANASCHKE: San Francisco, 20, two weeks.
JOHN A. STREVEN: San Francisco, 20, two weeks.
JENNIE CALLEY: Toledo, O., 20, week.
JOHN E. INCK (Pop): Brooklyn, 20, week.
J. H. GILMOUR: Montreal, 20, week.
JOHN MURRAY: Providence, 20, week.
KATIE CASTLETON: San Francisco, June 20, three weeks.
KIRKALF'S AROUND THE WORLD: Montreal, July 6, week.
KATIE PUTNAM: Grand Rapids, Mich., July 3, 4.
KENNEDY COMEDY CO.: Marion, Ind., 2, 3, 4.
LUCRECE SCHOLARS CO.: Saratoga, N. Y., 16, 17, 18.
LOU DON MCCORMACK: Cincinnati, 20, week.
LILLIE DINTON: Shamokin, Pa., 20, week.
MORAY CHASE CO.: Chicago, 20, week.
MYRTLE FRANK CO.: Chicago, 20, week.
MYRTLE FRANK CO.: San Francisco, 20, four weeks.
MYRTLE FRANK CO.: San Francisco, 20, three weeks.
MAUDE ATKINSON: Bloomington, 20, week—close.
N. C. GOODWIN: Chicago, 20, week.
OWEN FAWCETT: Muskegon, Mich., 2, 3, 4; Manistee, 7, 8, 9.
ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Joseph Frank, manager): Cadillac, Mich., 2; Ironton, 3; Manistee, 4; Manitowish, Wis. 6; Deper, 7; Oconto, 8; Peshtigo, 9; Marinette, 10, 11; Menomonie, 12, 13; Mason, Mich., 15, 16; Neegaunee, 17, 18; Ishpeming, 19, 20; L'Ance, 21; Houghton, 22; Calumet, 23; Hancock, 24, 25.
ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART CO.: St. Marys, Ont., 2; Ingersoll, 3; Petrolia, 4; Mt. Pleasant, Mich., 6; Rensselaer, 7; Big Rapids, 8; Cadillac, 9; Ludington, 10; Manistee, 11; Manitowish, Wis., 13; Deper, 14; Oconto, 15; Peshtigo, 16; Marinette, 17, 18; Menomonie, 20, 21; Mason, Mich., 22, 23; Neegaunee, 24, 25; Ishpeming, 27; L'Ance, 28; Houghton, 29; Calumet, 30; Hancock, 31, August 1; Duluth, Minn., 2, 3; Brainerd, 4.
POWER OF MONEY CO.: Chicago, 20, week.
PRINCE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE CO. (W. H. Gillette): Carson City, Reno, 3, 4; San Francisco, 6, two weeks.
RIGHTTHREE'S CO.: Buffalo, 20, week.
RICHARDSON'S CO.: Youngstown, O., 2, 3, 4; Cleveland, 6, week.
PHOEA McALLISTER: Elmira, N. Y., 20, week.
SILVER KING CO.: Davenport, Ia., 2; Cedar Rapids, 3, 4; Clinton, 5, 6; Dixon, Ill., 7; Rockford, 8; Freeport, 9; Dubuque, Ia., 10, 11; Lacrosse, Wis., 12.
STANDARD DRAMATIC CO.: Jamestown, N. Y., 6, two weeks.
TAVENNER DRAMATIC CO.: Jackson, Mich., 22, two weeks; Port Huron, 6, week; E. Saginaw, 13, two weeks.
TWO MARKED MEN CO.: Indianapolis, 20, week.
ULLIE ARKSTROM: Springfield, Mass., 22, two weeks; Marlboro, July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, August 1; Duluth, Minn., 2, 3; Brainerd, 4.
WALLACE'S VICTOR DURAND CO.: Winnipeg, 20, week; Grand Forks, July 6, 7, 8; Fargo, 9, 10, 11.
WIRA'S HONOR CO.: Chicago, 20, week.
WATTS' DRAMATIC CO.: Elkhart, Ind., 20, week.

OPERA AND CONCERT COMPANIES.
ALICE OATES: Cleveland, 20, week; Indianapolis, July 6, week.
ACME OPERA CO.: Dubuque, Ia., 20, week; Waterloo, July 6, week.
ARION BRILL-RINGERS: Atchison, Kas., 20, week.
AMY GORDON: Chicago, June 20, two weeks.
BENNETT-MOULTON OPERA CO.: Bangor, 20, week—close.
CARRINGTON OPERA CO.: Detroit, July 1, three weeks.
CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG: Winona, Minn., 7.
CORINNE MERREMAKERS: Lowell, Mass., 20, week.
CASINO POLLY CO.: Boston, June 20, three weeks.
EUSTIS BURLESQUE CO.: Providence, July 6, week; Boston, 13, week; Buffalo, 20, week; Cleveland, 27, week; Milwaukee, August 2, week; Chicago, 9, four weeks.
FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.: Memphis, June 29.
FORD'S COMIC OPERA CO.: St. Louis, June 11, seven weeks.
GRAU'S COMIC OPERA CO.: St. Paul, 20, week.
GRAU'S FRENCH OPERA CO.: Brooklyn, June 20, two weeks.
HYERS SISTERS: Forest City, Ill., 3, 4; Morrison, 6, 7; Maquoketa, Ia., 8, 9, 10; Independence, 11, 13; Waterloo, 14, 15, 16.
HARRIS OPERA CO.: Buffalo, 20, week.
HOLMAN OPERA CO.: Buffalo, June 20, two weeks.
JANET EDMONDSON: Montreal, 3, four weeks.
MEXICAN TYPICAL ORCHESTRA: N. Y. City, 20, week; Cincinnati, July 13, week.
MAH'S OPERA CO.: Cincinnati, 20, week.
MCGIBNEY FAMILY: Port Huron, Mich., 2; Sand Beach, 3; Flint, 4.
MEXICAN MILITARY BAND: Columbus, O., 8, 9.
MCCAULEY OPERA CO.: Chicago, June 8—Indefinite season.
LILLIAN RUSSELL: N. Y. City (Casino)—Indefinite season.
RINEHART OPERA CO.: Pittsburgh, June 29, three weeks.
ROSENFELD OPERA CO.: Milwaukee, 6, week.
STANDARD OPERA CO.: Providence, 20, week; Montreal, July 6, two weeks.
THEODORE THOMAS CONCERTS: Chicago, 6, five weeks.
THALIA OPERA CO.: Milwaukee, June 6, week.
THOMPSON OPERA CO.: Chicago, 6, two weeks.
WILBUR OPERA CO.: Hartford, Ct., 20, week; Springfield, Mass., July 6, week.
WILEY-GOLDEN OPERA CO.: Rochester, 20, two weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS.
MIACCO'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Ithaca, N. Y., 20, week; Rome, July 2 to 9; Amsterdam, 10, 11; Chicago, 13, week; Findlay, O., 21, 22, 23; Sandusky, 24, 25, 26.
PROFESSOR GEORGE BARTHOLOMEW'S EQUINE PARADOX: Cleveland, 20, two weeks; Detroit, July 13, two weeks; Bay City, 27; East Saginaw, Aug. 3; Jackson, 10, week; Milwaukee, 17, two weeks.

CIRCUSES.
ADAM FORKFAUGH'S: Ypsilanti, Mich., July 2; Hills-

dale, 3; Ft. Wayne, Ind., 4; Plymouth, 6; Valparaiso, 7; Waukegan, Ill., 8; Racine, Wis., 9; Milwaukee, 10; Fond du Lac, 11; Green Bay, 14; Appleton, 15; Oshkosh, 16; Stevens Point, 17; Wausau, 18; Eau Claire, 20; New Richmond, 21; St. Paul, 22; Minneapolis, 23.

BARNUM'S: Belfast, Me., July 2; Bangor, 3; Ellsworth, 4; St. John, N. B., 6, 7; Fredericton, 8; Valais, Me., 9; Woodstock, N. B., 10; Houlton, Me., 11; Waterville, 12; Lewiston, 14; Portland, 15; Portsmouth, N. H., 16; Manchester, 17; Nashua, 18; Keene, 20; Brattleboro, Vt., 21; Rutland, 22; Burlington, 23; Montpelier, 24; St. Johnsbury, 25; St. Albans, 27; Whitehall, N. Y., 28; Bennington, 29; Pittsfield, Mass., 30; Elmira, N. Y., August 18.

BUFFALO BILL: Philadelphia, 6, week; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 13, 14, 15.
BURR ROBBINS: New Hampton, Ia., 2; West Union, 3; Independence, 4.
DORIS: Kincardine, Can., 4; Southampton, 7; Walkerton, 8; Mt. Morris, 9; Woodstock, 10; Simcoe, 11; Ingersoll, 13; Brantford, 14; Galt, 15.
CARVER'S WILD WEST YOKEMATIC, Ct., 4.
COLLE'S: Rochester, 3; Utica, 4; Elmira, 15.
GREGORY BROS.: Milwaukee, 4.
HUBBERT-HUNTING: Mt. Morris, Pa., 3; Morgantown, N. Y., 4.
O'BRIEN'S: Tyrone, Pa., 3; Altoona, 4.
ORTON'S: Decorah, Ia., 13.
LEE-SCHRIENER: Mayville, N. Y., 3; Sherman, 4.
PULLMAN'S: Hornellsville, N. Y., 3.
ROBINSON'S: Denver, 4; Salt Lake City, 17.
VAN AMBURGH'S: Amsterdam, N. Y., 2; Canajoharie, 3; Rome, 4; Utica, 6; Norwich, 7; Cortland, 8; Binghamton, 9; Ithaca, 10; Oswego, 11; Waverly, 13; Bath, 14; Hornellsville, 15; Olean, 16; Bradford, Pa., 17; Wellsville, N. Y., 18; Corning, 20; Elmira, 21; Canandaigua, 25.

"On the Stage—and Off."

A brightly written little book called "On the Stage—and Off," describing the brief career of a would-be actor, has been written by Jerome K. Jerome and issued by the Leadenhall Press of London. The cleverness of the author does not exist in his style, which is too flippant to possess literary qualities, but in the veracious and amusing manner in which he sets forth the conceit of the novice, his absurd ideas of the region behind the stage-door, and the rebuffs and chicanery with which he is met at every point in his ambitious progress. As Mr. Jerome's impressions were received from actual experience, and as nearly every embryo actor's experience is similar, the volume will be read with keen interest by members of that extensive army of stage-struck folk. The tone of the book is of course decidedly English, but some extracts which we have made will appeal to the appreciation of American readers in and out of the profession. The hero of "On the Stage—and Off" determines to become an actor.

There comes a time in every one's life when he feels he was born to be an actor. Something within him tells him that he is the coming man, and that one day he will electrify the world. Then he burns with a desire to show them how the thing's done, and to draw a salary of three hundred a week. This sort of thing generally takes a man when he is about nineteen, and lasts till he is nearly twenty. But he doesn't know this at the time. He thinks he has got hold of an inspiration all to himself—a kind of solemn "call," which it would be wicked to disregard; and when he finds that there are obstacles in the way of his immediate appearance as Hamlet at a leading West-end theatre, he is blighted. I myself caught it in the usual course. I was at the theatre one evening seeing *Romeo and Juliet* played, when it suddenly flashed across me that that was my vocation. I thought all acting was making love in tights to pretty women, and I determined to devote my life to it. When I communicated my heroic resolution to my friends, they reasoned with me. That is, they called me a fool; and then said that they had always thought me a sensible fellow, though that was the first I had ever heard of it. But I was not to be turned from my purpose. I commenced operations by studying the great British dramatists I read through every word of Shakespeare—with notes, which made it still more unintelligible—Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sheridan, Goldsmith and Lord Lytton. This brought me into a state of mind bordering on insanity. Another standard dramatist, and I should have gone raving mad: of that I feel sure. Thinking that a change would do me good, I went in for farces and burlesques, but found them more depressing than the tragedies. Just when I was getting most despondent, however, I came across a little book on the art of "making-up," and this resuscitated me.

"Making-up" certainly assists the actor to a very great degree. At least, I found it so in my case. I am naturally of mild and gentle appearance, and, at that time, was particularly so. It was no earthly use my standing in front of the glass and trying to rehearse the part of, say, a drunken costermonger. It was perfectly impossible for me to imagine myself the character. I am ashamed to have to confess it, but I looked more like a young curate than a drunken costermonger, or even a sober one, and the delusion could not be sustained for a moment. It was just the same when I tried to turn myself into a desperate villain; there was nothing of the desperate villain about me. I might, perhaps, have imagined myself going for a walk on Sunday, or saying "bother it," or even playing happy penny nap, but as for ill-treating a lovely and unprotected female, or murdering my grandfather, the thing was absurd. I could not look myself in the face and do it. It was outrageous every law of Lavater. My fiercest scowl was a milk-and-water accompaniment to my blood-thirsty speeches; and, when I tried to smile sardonically, I merely looked imbecile. But crape hair and the rouge-pot changed all this. The character of Hamlet stood revealed to me the moment that I put on false eyebrows, and made my cheeks look hollow. With a sallow complexion, dark eyes and long hair, I was Romeo, and, until I washed my face, loved Juliet to the exclusion of all my female cousins. Humor came quite natural when I had a red nose; and, with a scrubby, black beard, I felt fit for any amount of crime.

My efforts to study elocution, however, were not so successful. I have the misfortune to possess a keen sense of the ludicrous, and to have a morbid dread of appearing ridiculous. My extreme sensitiveness on this point would have been enough to prevent my ever acting well under any circumstances, and, as it was, it hampered and thwarted me at every turn; not only on the stage, but even in my own room with the door locked. I was always in a state of terror lest any one should overhear me, and half my time was taken up in listening on one side of the keyhole, to make sure that no one was listening on the other; while the slightest creak on the stairs was sufficient to make me stop short in the middle of a passage, and commence whistling in an affectedly careless manner, in order to suggest the idea that I was only amusing myself. I tried get-

ting up early and going to Hampstead Heath, but it was no good. If I could have gone to the Desert of Sahara, and assured myself, by the aid of a powerful telescope, that no living creature was within twenty miles of me, I might have come out strong, but not else. Any confidence I might have placed in Hampstead Heath was rudely dissipated on the very second morning of my visits. Buoyed up by the belief that I was far from every vestige of the madding crowd, I had become quite reckless, and, having just delivered, with great vigor, the oration of Antony over Caesar, I was about starting on something else, when I heard a loud whisper come from some furze bushes close behind me: "Ain't it proper, Liza! Joe, you run and tell 'Melia to bring Johnny.'" I did not wait for Johnny. I left that spot at the rate of six miles an hour. When I got to Camden Town I looked behind me, cautiously. No crowd appeared to be following me, and I felt relieved; but I did not practice on Hampstead Heath again.

After two months of this sort of thing the young man determined to "come out." But how to "get out" was the difficulty. His first idea was to send his card in to a manager, be received with open arms and engaged at once for a good salary. He pictured himself plodding along a few weeks until the illness of somebody of importance would give him an opportunity to leap into fame in a jiffy. But a friend advised him to go to an agent. He followed this advice.

I went to two or three agents, and told them all just exactly what I wanted, and they were equally frank, and told me just exactly what they wanted, which, speaking generally, was five shillings booking fee, to begin with. To do them justice, though, I must say that none of them appeared at all anxious to have me; neither did they hold out to me much hope of making my fortune. I believe my name is still down in the books of most of the agents—at least, I have never been round to take it off—and I expect that amongst them they will obtain for me a first-class engagement one of these days, when I am Bishop of London, or editor of a society paper, or something of that sort. It was not for want of worrying that they did not do anything for me then. I was forever what I called "waking them up," a process which consisted of studying the photos in the outer office for half an hour, and then being requested to call again. I had regular days for performing this duty, on the mornings of which I would say to myself: "Well, I must go round, and wake those agents up again to-day." When I had said this, I felt quite important, and had some vague idea that I was overworking myself. If, on my way, I happened to meet a friend, I greeted him with: "Haven't got a minute, old man. I'm just going round to my agents," and, scarcely stopping to shake hands, would rush off, leaving him with the impression that I had been telegraphed for. But I never succeeded in rousing them to a full sense of their responsibilities, and after a while we began to get mutually tired of one another.

Then the would-be actor went through a course of swindling at the hands of bogus agents, and managers who advertised for "talented amateurs" only to fleece them by the various methods known to people who live by their scoundrelly wits. Finally, by paying an honorarium to an old-time actor, whom he met in a pot-house, the aspirant was introduced to the manager of an East-end London playhouse, who, on receiving \$50, signed an agreement whereby the novice gave his services gratis for a month with the provision that he was to "receive a salary according to ability" afterward. He was an actor! After exploring the mysteries of the back region of the theatre at which he was to play, and being completely disenchanted, he attended his first rehearsal.

A tall, solemn-looking man was pacing the stage, and him I greeted. He was the stage-manager, and so, of course, rather surly. I don't know why stage managers are always surly, but they are. In the course of the next few minutes there trotted in a demure-looking little man, who turned out to be our "first low comedy," and very good low comedy he was, too, though from his wooden expression you might have thought him as destitute of humor as the librettist of a comic opera. Then followed the heavy man, talking in a very gruff voice to a good looking young fellow with him, who played the juveniles when our manager didn't take them himself. Then, after a short interval, a lady—an old, queer-looking little lady, who walked with a stick and complained of rheumatism, and who, as soon as she reached the stage, plumped herself down on the thick end of a mossy bank, from which nothing would induce her to rise until she got up to go home. She was our "old woman." She did the dotting mothers and the comic old maids. She had played everything in her time, and could play anything still. She would have taken Juliet, or Juliet's nurse, whichever you liked, and have done both of them well. She would have been ten minutes making up for Juliet, and then, sitting in the middle of the pit, you would have put her down for twenty. The next to appear was a gentleman ("walking") in a fur-trimmed overcoat, patent-leather boots and white gaiters and lavender kid gloves. He carried a silver-headed cane in his hand, a glass in his left eye, a cigar in his mouth (put out as soon as he got to the stage, of course), and a small nosegay in his buttonhole. His salary I subsequently discovered to be thirty shillings a week. After him came two ladies (not with any designs upon the young man: merely in the order of time). One of them was thin and pale, with a careworn look underneath the rouge, just as if she were some poor, hard-worked woman, with a large family and small means, instead of an actress. The other was fat, fair and—forty, if she was a day. She was gorgeously "got up," both as regards complexion and dress. I can't describe the latter, because I never can tell what any woman has got on. I only know she conveyed an impression to my mind of being stuck out all round, and thrown out in front and puffed out at the back, and towering up at the top and trailing away behind, and all to such a degree that she looked four times her natural size. As everybody was very glad indeed to see her, and welcomed her with what seemed to be irrepressible joy, even the stage manager being civil, I naturally concluded that she was the embodiment of all virtues known to human kind. The whispered remarks that I overheard, however, did not reconcile matters until I learned that she was the manager's wife. She was the leading

lady, and the characters she particularly affected and in which she was affected, were the girlish heroines and the children who die young and go to Heaven. The rest of the company was made up of a couple of very old men, and a middle-aged stout one, two rather pretty girls, evidently possessed of an inexhaustible fund of humor, for they kept each other giggling all the morning; and the manager himself, who arrived last, and was less interested in the proceedings than anyone else. No one took the slightest notice of me, though I purposely stood about in conspicuous positions, and I felt like the new boy at school. When everybody had arrived, the rickety table was brought down to the front, and a bell rung; whereupon a small boy suddenly appeared for the first time, and was given the "parts" to distribute. It was a manuscript play, though well known to the company, nearly all of whom had played in it plenty of times before. All the parts were torn and greasy, except one, which was prominently clean. When the boy came to that one he seemed puzzled, not knowing to whom it belonged; so he stood in the centre of the stage and bawled out the name on it; and as it was my name, and I had to claim the part, I was at once lifted out of my obscurity and placed in an opposite extreme hardly more comfortable.

The young man's heart was filled with pleasurable expectation. He was at last to study a character which he would play before a real audience.

I hurriedly unfolded the paper to see what kind of a part I had got. I was anxious to begin studying it immediately. I had to form my conception of the character, learn the words and business, and get up gesture and expression, all in one week. No time was therefore to be lost. I gave the part in extenso:

JOE JUNKS.

Act I., scene 1.

It's a rough night.
Ay, Ay.
(together) 'Tis he!
Fall down as scene closes.
Act IV., scene 1.
On with rioters.

I was of a sanguine disposition at that time, but I didn't exactly see how I was going to make much of a sensation with that. It seemed to me that my talents were being thrown away. An ordinary actor would have done for a part like that. However, if they chose to waste me, it was more their misfortune than mine. I would say nothing, but do the best I could with the thing, and throw as much feeling into the character as it would hold. In truth, I ought to have been very proud of the part, for I found out later on that it had been written specially for me by the manager. Our low comedy, who knew the whole piece by heart, told me this. Then he added musingly: "A very good idea, too, of the boss." I always said the first act wanted strengthening.

Then the rehearsal proceeded. The stage-manager at a particular point called for the head carpenter Jim, who was wanted to pick out some scenery for the play. This functionary is described in the following passage:

Jim was a sulky and disagreeable man, even for a stage carpenter. When he wasn't "just stepped outside for a minute," he was quarrelling inside, so that instead of anybody's objecting to his frequent temporary retirements, his absence was rather welcomed. He, in common with all stage carpenters, held actors and actresses in the greatest contempt, as people who were always in the way, and without whom the play would get on much better. The chief charm about him, however, was his dense stupidity. This trait was always brought into particular prominence whenever the question of arranging scenery was under discussion.

Fresh scenery is a very great rarity at the minor theatres. When anything very special is produced, and an unusually long run is expected, say, of a month or six weeks, one or two scenes may, perhaps, be specially painted; but, as a rule, reliance is placed upon the scenery, the gradual growth of years, already in stock which, with a little alteration, and a good deal of make-shift, generally does duty for the "entirely new and elaborate scenery" so minutely described in the posters. Our stage manager was not a narrow-minded man on the subject of accessories. He would have said nothing about such things as these. He himself had, on the occasion of one of his benefits, played Hamlet with nothing but one "interior" and "a garden," and he had been a member of a fit-up company that travelled with a complete Shakespearean repertoire and four set scenes; so that he was not likely to be too exacting. But even he used to be staggered at Jim's ideas of mounting Jim's notion of a "distant view of Hampstead Heath by moonlight," was either a tropical island, or the backing of an old transformation scene; and for any place in London—no matter what, whether Whitechapel or St. James' Park—he invariably suggested a highly realistic representation of Waterloo Bridge in a snow-storm. In the present instance, on being asked for the cottage interior, he let down a log cabin, with a couple of bowie-knives and revolvers artistically arranged over the fireplace; anticipating any doubt upon the subject of suitability by an assurance that, there you were, and you couldn't do better than that. The objection that a log cabin with bowie-knives and revolvers over the fireplace, though it was doubtless a common enough object in the Australian bush or the backwoods of America, was never by any chance found in England, and that the cottage to be represented was supposed to be within a few miles of London, he considered

Besides, one of the ropes was broken, and it couldn't be got at then. After which little brush with the enemy, he walked away, and took up a row with the gas-man at the very point where he had dropped it twenty minutes before.

Five rehearsals were held—the last with supernumeraries. This useful class of performers gives rise to some sensible observations.

These supers were drawn from two distinct sources. About half of them were soldiers, engaged to represent the military force of the drama, while the other half, who were to be desperate rioters, had been selected from among the gentry of the New Cut neighborhood. The soldiers, who came under the command of their Sergeant, were by far the best thing in the play. They gave an air of reality to all the scenes in which they appeared. They were soldiers, and they went about their business on the stage with the same calm precision that they would have displayed in the drill-yard, and with as much seriousness as if they had been in actual earnest. When the order was given to "fix bayonets and charge," they did so with such grim determination that there was no necessity at all to direct the stage mob to "feign fear and rush off L. E." They went as one man, in a hurry. There was no trouble, either, about rehearsing the soldiers—no cursing and swearing required, which, in itself, was an immense saving of time. The stage manager told the Sergeant what was wanted. That gruff-voiced officer passed the order on to his men (first translating it into his own unintelligible lingo), and the thing was done. To represent soldiers on the stage, real soldiers should, without doubt, be employed, but it is no good attempting to use them for anything else. They are soldier-like in everything they do. You may dress them up in what you choose, and call them what you will, but they will never be anything else but soldiers. On one occasion our manager tried them as a rabble. They were carefully instructed how to behave. They were told how to rush wildly on with a fierce, tumultuous yell; how to crowd together at the back of the stage, and, standing there, surging backward and forward like an angry sea, brandish their weapons and scowl menacingly upon the opposing myrmidons of the law, until, at length, their sullen murmurs deepening into a roar of savage hate, they would break upon the wall of steel before them, and sweep it from their path, as pent-up waters bursting their bonds bear down some puny barrier. That was the theory of the thing. That is how a stage mob ought to behave itself. How it really does behave itself is pretty generally known. It comes in with a jog-trot, every member of it prodding the man in front of him in the small of his back. It spreads itself out in a line across the stage and grins. When the signal is given for the rush, each man—still grinning—walks up to the soldier nearest to him and lays hold of that warrior's gun. The two men then proceed to heave the murderous weapon slowly up and down, as if it were a pump handle. This they continue to do with steady perseverance, until the soldier, apparently from a fit of apoplexy—for there is no outward and visible cause whatever to account for it—suddenly collapses, when the conquering rioter takes the gun away from him, and engages himself in it. This is funny enough, but our soldiers made it funnier still. One might just as well have tried to get a modern House of Commons to represent a disorderly rabble. They simply couldn't do it. They went on in single file at the double quick, formed themselves into a hollow square in the centre of the stage, and then gave three distinct cheers, taking time from the Sergeant. That was their notion of a rabble. The other set, the regular mob (sometimes 18-pence a night "supers," were of a very different character. Professional supers, taken as a class, are the most utterly dismal specimens of humanity to be met with in this world. Compared with them, "sandwich-men" are dashing and rollicky. Ours were no exception to the rule. They hung about in a little group by themselves, and looked such a picture of dejected dinginess, that their mere presence had a depressing effect upon everybody else. Strange that men can't be gay and light hearted on an income of six shillings a week, but so it is.

The condition of the dressing-rooms, with their rickety odds and ends of furniture and wretched toilet requisites, next engaged the new professional's attention.

The dressing-rooms I bore up under; it was the green-room that crushed me. It was about the green-room that my brightest hopes had been centred. It was there that I was to flirt with Beauty and converse with Intellect. I had pictured a brilliantly lighted and spacious apartment with a polished oak floor, strewn with costly rugs; gilded walls, hung with the choicest gems of art; and a lofty, painted ceiling. There would be luxurious easy-chairs and couches, upon which to rest ourselves between our artistic labors; a piano, from which fairy fingers would draw forth rapturous strains, while I turned over the music; and carved cabinets, filled with old china and other rare and precious nicknacks. Heavy curtains, over the door, would deaden the outside din to a droning murmur, which would mingle pleasantly with the low hum of cheerful conversation within; whilst the flickering fire-light, flashing upon the Spanish mahogany furniture, and glittering reflected in the many mirrors round the room, would throw a touch of homeliness over what might otherwise have been the almost too dazzling splendor of the place. There was no green-room. There never had been a green-room. I never saw a green-room, except in a play, though I was always on the lookout for it. I met an old actor once who had actually been in one, and I used to get him to come and tell me all about it. But even his recollections were tinged with a certain vagueness. He was not quite sure whether it had been at Liverpool or at Newcastle that he had come across it, and at other times he thought it must have been at Exeter. But wherever it was, the theatre had been burnt down a good many years ago—about that he was positive. On one occasion, I went specially to a big London theatre where, I was assured, there really was one, and it cost me four-and-seventence in drinks. I found the green-room all right, but they said I had better not go in, because it was chock full of properties, and I might break something in the dark.

The truth is that where a green-room was originally provided, it has been taken by the star or the manager, as his or her private room, and the rest of the company are left to spend their off time either in their own dressing-rooms, where they are always in each other's way, or at the wings, where they catch cold, and are hustled by the scene shifters.

Eventually came the first night's performance, to which the young man had looked

forward with mingled anxiety and pleasant anticipation.

If I had been nervous on the first night, I think I should have had a good excuse for it, knowing as I did that a select party of my most particular friends, including a few medical students and clergymen's sons, were somewhere in the theatre, having come down in a body with the intention of giving me a fair start, as they said. They had insisted on coming. I had begged them not to trouble themselves on my account, but they wouldn't hear of it. They said it would be such a comfort to me to know that they were there. That was their thoughtful kindness. It touched me. I said: "Look here, you know, if you fellows are going to play the fool, I'll chuck the whole blessed thing up." They said they were not going to play the fool; they were coming to see me. I raised no further objections. But I checked them. I lied to those confiding young men with such an air of simple truthfulness that they believed me, though they had known me for years. Even now, after all this time, I feel a glow of pride when I think how consummately I deceived them. They knew nothing of the theatres or actors over the water, so I just gave them the name of our first old man, and told them that that was the name I had taken. I exaggerated the effect of making up, and impressed upon them the idea that I should be so changed that they would never believe it was I; and I requested them especially to note my assumed voice. I did not say what character I was going to play, but I let slip a word now and then implying that my mind was running on grey hairs and long-lost children, and I bought a stick exactly similar to the one the poor old gentleman was going to use in the part, and let it lie about. So far as I was concerned the plan was a glorious success, but the effect upon the old man was remarkable. He was too deaf to hear exactly what was going on, but he gathered enough to be aware that he was the object of a certain amount of attention, and that he was evidently giving great satisfaction to a portion of the audience; which latter circumstance apparently surprised him. The dear fellows gave him a splendid reception when he first appeared. They applauded everything he said or did throughout the play, and called for him after every act. They encored his defiance of the villain, and when he came on without his hat in a snow scene, they all pulled out their pocket-handkerchiefs and sobbed aloud. At the end they sent a message round to tell him to hurry up, as they were waiting for him at the stage door, an announcement that had the effect of sending him out by the front way in wonderfully quick time.

Several more chapters are devoted to an account of the new-fledged actor's adventures in the provinces, with a variety of good, bad and indifferent combinations, engineered by good, bad and indifferent managers. At last, having passed some months in a vain endeavor to live on dribbles of salary, he gets down to absolute destitution in a remote country town where a swindling manager had deserted him and the rest of the company. He has had enough. A moment of deliberation, and then the young man leaves the theatre. The stage-door closes behind him with a bang, and he concludes his narrative by stating solemnly that he has never opened another one since.

STAGE STORIES.

VIII. THE DEMON FAKEER.

Who knoweth the mysteries of the will with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by the nature of its intensity, and man doth not yield himself to the angels nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.

JOSPH GLANVILLE.

This narrative can hardly be called a ghost-story. Indeed, I hardly know whether there is anything supernatural about it or not. No doubt many persons will be able to explain it in a manner highly satisfactory to themselves, if not to their hearers, and demonstrate it to be merely a question of diseased imagination or deranged liver.

I am not, I think, particularly credulous, and have a profound contempt for modern spiritualism and all its cognate humbugs. I believe in animal magnetism as in all other well-established facts, and have my own theories as to its possible influence, with which I do not intend to bore my patient, or impatient, reader. I merely propose to give a plain statement of the circumstances which came under my personal notice, and leave my readers to form their own conclusions.

A few years ago I was a member of a theatrical company which had been playing for several weeks in Calcutta and the neighboring cities. We had had a very profitable season and were about to disband. I had made the acquaintance of an old friend of my father's, an indigo planter in the Bengal Presidency, who invited me to visit him. I suppress names and am purposely vague as to localities. He was a hard-headed Scotchman, of about as prosaic and matter-of-fact type as can be imagined, though it is quite possible he possessed that underlying vein of mysticism common to most of his countrymen—to which admission the skeptic may attach as much or as little importance as he pleases. I had been staying at his plantation several weeks, and was thinking of returning to Calcutta, when one day my friend, whom I will call Macpherson, said: "Look here, Trevor, I am going down to Serinuggur to-morrow, and as you have never seen a Juggernaut festival, you had better come with me." I willingly assented, and accordingly next morning we started from the adjacent station of the Eastern Bengal Railway. We were accompanied by the overseer of my friend's plantation, a very intelligent and well-educated native, who spoke English fluently. On our arrival at Serinuggur we found the village thronged with devotees from all parts of the province, and after my friend had finished his business we hurried off to see the famous procession. When we arrived at the Temple the Car of Juggernaut was just starting on its journey, dragged by a crowd of enthusiastic

worshippers, and for some time we stood watching with much interest the motley throng of excited natives surging and swaying to and fro in their eager efforts to get near the sacred car and share in the coveted honor of dragging the god to his destination. A strong force of police watched the proceedings, their special duty being to prevent any unusually devout worshippers from throwing themselves beneath the ponderous wheels—a proceeding which my friend informed me was common enough in the good old times, but was now forbidden by an unsympathizing and unbelieving Government.

It was a curious and interesting scene, but the sun was mounting high in the heavens, and the heat and dust were becoming unbearable; so we started to make our way back to the railway station, my friend announcing that we had no time to spare if we meant to catch the return train. We made our way with difficulty through the dense crowd, Macpherson in advance, shoving the natives right and left with scant ceremony. Suddenly our further progress was barred by a closely packed mass of men and women collected round some person who seemed to be addressing them with great vehemence. Through this crowd Macpherson forced his way very unceremoniously. It closed in upon him, and then I heard my friend's voice, loud in oburgation, and saw his bamboo cane lifted high in air. I was a few paces in the rear, and was pressing forward to rejoin him, when my attention was attracted to his overseer, who was struggling frantically in the crowd, and calling in the most earnest manner to his master: "Sahib, Sahib, don't strike him; it is the Fakier!"

The man's countenance expressed an alarm and anxiety which seemed to me quite uncalled for in so slight a matter as a trifling assault by an European on a native. But his remonstrance came too late; I saw my friend's cane descend and heard a volley of opprobrious epithets; the crowd scattered right and left, and there was Macpherson, standing flushed and excited in the vacant space, with his cane half lifted, fronting the man who had been addressing them. My questions as to the cause of the disturbance were checked, and, as it were, arrested upon my tongue by the startling appearance of this man. He wore the coarse, filthy garments common to the wandering dervish. His arm was extended in an attitude of menace, while his large and wild dark eyes were fixed on my friend with an expression of intense malignity which froze the very blood in my veins. I seemed to recognize at once the presence of a will overwhelmingly superior to my own and before which I felt like a slave in the presence of his master. The man uttered a few sentences with a slow and impressive enunciation, in strange contrast with the usual voluble utterance of the natives when angered or excited, but which my imperfect knowledge of the language prevented me from understanding. He then dropped his arm and disappeared among the crowd. I turned at once to my friend and almost recoiled at the remarkable change in his appearance. His usually ruddy color had quite deserted his cheeks; his face wore a sort of horror-stricken expression, and he looked like a man who had received a severe and unexpected mental shock. For several moments he seemed in a sort of stupor, but at length, gradually arousing himself, he hurried off in the direction of the station without taking the slightest notice of my eager inquiries.

"Who was that man?" I inquired of the overseer as we followed at a more moderate pace.

"Sahib, he is not a man; he is a demon," replied the overseer in an awestricken accent.

I had now shaken off the impression with which the man had inspired me, and so I laughed and said: "Well, but who and what is he?"

"Surely the Sahib must have heard of the Fakier Azimoolah," was the reply.

I then remembered having often heard the name as of a Fakier famous all over India for his rabid hatred of Europeans. He was more than suspected of having been one of the chief inciters of the late mutiny, but nothing could ever be proved against him, chiefly on account of the unwillingness of the natives to give evidence against one whom they deemed possessed of supernatural powers.

"But what did he say to Mr. Macpherson?" I asked.

"Sir, he cursed him," returned the overseer, with a visible shudder, "and I fear the master will never be lucky again."

I made some light reply, and we arrived at the station just as the train was drawing up and took our seats to return home. I found my friend, though somewhat recovered, still gloomy and reticent. He was so manifestly unwilling to refer to what had taken place that after a casual remark or two I made no further allusion to the subject, and, tired and exhausted as I was with heat and fatigue, was by no means sorry when we reached the house, where a bath and a siesta speedily reinvigorated me and made me look forward with interest to that important event of Indian life—the dinner hour. During the meal, Macpherson was tolerably cheerful, but still evinced the same strange disinclination to refer to the events of the day. It was only on parting for the night that he grasped my hand and said very earnestly:

"I wish to God I had not gone to that place to-day."

I attempted to rally him, but he shook his head impatiently and left me. Next morning

I returned to the city, where I took the steamer for home.

Nearly two years elapsed before I returned to India. Then I was surprised and grieved to learn of the strange series of misfortunes which had befallen my old friend. His bungalow had been burnt to ashes, himself and wife barely escaping with their lives, while his only daughter perished in the flames; his crops for two successive seasons had been a total failure, while the lamentable bankruptcy of the great indigo house of — had proved the climax of his commercial ruin. I found that he was then in Calcutta trying to establish himself as a broker, but his ill-luck had become so proverbial that his friends were afraid to employ him in transactions of any importance. I lost no time in going to see him, and was indescribably shocked at the sad change in his appearance. The hale, stalwart man of two years before had, as it were, dwindled and shrunk till he seemed only a wreck of his former self, while his face wore the melancholy and despondent expression of the confirmed hypochondriac. He smiled faintly as he noticed my dismayed look, and said:

"Well, Trevor, I am afraid you don't find me improved?"

"Why, certainly you don't look first-rate," I replied with as good an assumption of indifference as I could muster; "your liver is out of order, old fellow; you need a change."

"It's more than liver, Jack," he returned. "Do you know, I haven't had an hour's happiness or peace of mind since that miserable day at Serinuggur."

"Good Heavens, Macpherson!" I exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you are still brooding over what that miserable Fakier said."

"I'm haunted by him, that's all. I tell you, Jack, that not a single trouble or misfortune has happened to me since then, and God knows they have been numerous enough, but it has been heralded by the appearance of that man a few hours before. Yes, yes," he continued, interrupting me with a faint assumption of his old petulant manner, "I know what you are going to say—I'm out of health, my liver is deranged, and all that sort of thing. Do you suppose I haven't tried over and over again to argue myself into the same conviction. Surely you know me well enough to be sure I am not a man to succumb willingly to mere fancies; but it is of no use. I tell you the night that my bungalow was burned and I lost my poor little Lottie, I saw that man standing by my bedside as plainly as I see you now."

"Perhaps the scoundrel set fire to the place himself," I suggested.

"So I tried to persuade myself," he replied, "but I ascertained beyond a possibility of doubt that at that time he was at Delhi, over eight hundred miles away. It was the same just before I got news of the failure of B—'s house, where all my hard-earned savings were swallowed up. In fact I always know when trouble is coming by the appearance of that demon with the same devilish expression on his face which I saw on that fatal morning before the Temple of Juggernaut."

"Have you seen him lately?" I asked, more impressed than I cared to own by the earnestness and evident conviction of my poor friend. "Not for several months, thank God," he said; "but I know that I shall see him again, and that ere very long," was the desponding reply.

Scarcely knowing what to say, and feeling the uselessness of remonstrance, I changed the subject to his present position and prospects, pressing him to use my services in any way that might avail him. He told me that he expected his wife and son, then in England, to come out to him in the course of a few weeks, when he proposed to take his son into partnership and start in some mercantile business. In discussing his prospects and anticipating a useful career for his only remaining child, my poor friend seemed to regain some degree of his old cheerfulness, and as the sun was setting, we strolled out on to the veranda of his office, which overlooked one of the native bazars. The narrow street presented the busy and animated appearance usual at that time in the day—crowds of Baboos, or native clerks, were hurrying home after the duties of their office were over; Eurasians and Europeans of the lower order were jostling along in palanquins swarms of Bheesties were hastening with their water-filled skins to lay the dust in the main streets and on the Esplanade before the usual driving hour arrived; while dozens of rickety hired carriages drawn by miserable and emaciated ponies went rattling along, their half-naked drivers adding to the din and confusion by their frantic shouts and yells.

I stood leaning against a pillar of the veranda smoking my cheroot and chatting to my friend while I gazed half listlessly on the familiar scene. Suddenly my cheroot fell from my hand and I stood as if paralyzed. There, in the middle of the street, leaning on a long staff, stood the well-remembered figure of the Fakier of Serinuggur. The motley crowd passed and repassed him without apparently taking the slightest notice, and even in the midst of my confusion of thought it struck me how strangely they seemed, as it were, to melt away from the strange figure that stood so peacefully in the centre of the thoroughfare. A palanquin would come hurrying along, and then at the moment when it seemed to be bearing down right upon the motionless figure, would shrink or swerve aside, leaving it undisturbed and uninjured.

The face of the Fakier was turned full upon us, and bore the well-remembered look of intense malice; but now there was blended with it a sort of triumphant expression, which seemed to give added force to its malignancy. I had intuitively suppressed the exclamation which rose involuntarily to my lips when I first caught sight of the figure, in the faint hope, which I instinctively felt to be futile, that my friend would not observe it; but now a deep groan from Macpherson caused me to turn to him. He was clutching the railing of the balcony with a convulsive grasp which made it quiver like an aspen, while his eyes were riveted on the Fakier with an expression of fear and dread which I have never seen equalled. I stepped hastily to him and caught

him by the arm, fearing for the moment that he would fall over the low railing of the street. As I did so, I saw the figure standing. It was gone. I saw my friend into the room, and gave him a stimulant, of which he stood much in need.

"Well, you see it's not liver," he said, with a ghastly smile. I tried to make some remarks about coincidences, but I was so evidently arguing against my own conviction that he did not condescend to notice it. "I wonder what this new misfortune will prove to be," he said, wearily. I did my best to cheer him up, but it was a hopeless case. The next day's mail brought him the intelligence of the death of his only son after an illness of a few hours. He was so utterly overwhelmed by the shock that a few of his friends made interest to get him a temporary appointment at one of the hill stations, trusting that change of scene and the bracing air of the mountains would restore his shattered nerves. To a certain extent this was successful, and he returned, after an absence of six months, much improved in health and spirits.

A week or two later I dined with him at the house of a mutual friend. He was in better spirits than I had seen him for a long time, and we had been rallying him about the advent of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and whom he expected by the incoming steamer. We were a large party. The cloth had just been removed, and the servants, always more numerous than the guests, were hurrying about, bringing lights for the inevitable after-dinner cheroot, when I saw my friend start suddenly and fix his eyes with the old horror-stricken expression which I remembered so well, on the group of servants at the other end of the room. Following the direction of his gaze, I could have sworn I saw the devilish countenance of the Fakier gazing at us from out the cluster of busy kitchenmaids. As I sprang from my chair, the rich varnish of a form in a spectroscopic, and Macpherson fell fainting to the floor. Even as we were endeavoring to revive him, a servant brought in a despatch by the cable, just then laid, announcing the loss of the mail steamer in a cyclone in the Indian Ocean.

Within three days I followed the body of my poor friend to the cemetery at Garden Reach.

W. H. F.



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TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

The Latest St. Quinten Break-up.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]
 PAID, July 1.—Further inquiry regarding the collapse of the St. Quinten Opera company shows that the members are in a bad way, and if it were not for the New York Standard Opera company, which plays this week, and engaged some of the people, it might be worse. The baggage of the company is held for board. The audiences averaged less than one hundred last week.

A Panic-Price Company Collapses

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]
 CINCINNATI, July 1.—The Wilbur Dramatic combination, which has been playing at Havlin's Theatre, presenting Two Orphans, Hidden Hand, etc., at panic prices, collapsed on Sunday. One Charles McDonald was the reputed manager.

Dollis Foster, announced as hailing from Koster and Bial's, New York, and who is singing at Schuman's this week in a round of melodies made famous by Marie Loftus, has captured the town. Fred Roberts has also scored a hit at the same house in his change business. Both are clever.

A Circus Accident.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]
 ALBANY, July 1.—Bubbles, at the Pavilion, to good business. Van Amburg's Circus, Monday and Tuesday, to large audiences. Lottie Watson, while in the act of holding a cannon by her teeth while suspended about six feet from the ground, was by the breaking of a pulley precipitated to the ground just as the cannon was fired, and, striking the cannon, was severely injured about the face. It is feared that she has sustained internal injuries. Accident occurred Tuesday afternoon.

Miscellaneous.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]
 BOSTON, July 1.—Polly had its first production here at the Boston Museum on Monday night. Standing-room only. Nat Goodwin and wife in a box. Tony Pastor began a week's engagement at Oakland Garden. The night was stormy and cold, and the usual crowd did not turn out.

PROVIDENCE, July 1.—Fra Diavolo was given at the Sans Souci Garden Monday night before a large audience. It was finely rendered and well mounted. John Murray, in Ticket-of-Leave Man, at the Comique, opened for the week before good houses afternoon and evening.

London Gossip.

LONDON, June 13.

The long-talked-of, expensive, royally patronized American concert on Tuesday evening last at ten o'clock was very like a recent critique in the *Saturday Review* of a novel, whereof it said "the binding is superb to look at, but the book has an incipient plot." The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and others of the royal party, occupied an entire front row of orchestra chairs. They all looked frightfully bored, although, as is their usual custom, they applauded generously. The Princess was in exquisite toilette, as she always is, and looked charming in her black, lacy robes. At her corsage was a large cluster of deep crimson roses, and her neck was wound in dainty pearls, with a diamond clasp and diamond cluster at the end of the pearl chain guard, which was fastened at the left corner of her square-cut bodice. Having occasion to wait for friends separated by the crowd, your correspondent had an opportunity after the concert of seeing the amiable future Queen of England near by, as she came to her waiting carriage, bowing and smiling right and left, as did the Prince. Her opera cloak was of pearl grey plush, trimmed with shaded grey ostrich feather tips. The Prince shook hands with a gentleman standing near as he was about to get into his carriage. It seems very odd to notice the court etiquette. No one presumes to take the initiative in bowing to the royal family, or ever in any way recognizing them in public, no matter how well they may know them. It is *non oblige* always. The gentleman with whom the Prince shook hands was evidently an American. In his face, as the Prince smiled and nodded, there was an expression of pleasure, and withal an American's instinctive good fellowship. He made a slight movement of his right hand, as though to shake that of the Prince, but recollecting himself drew back. All this the Prince saw and seemed rather pleased with, showing it at once by frankly extending his hand and warmly grasping that of the perplexed gentleman. It was a genuine hearty hand-shaking of a man and brother, and not the patronizing manner of the first gentleman in England.

The daughters of the Princess were very poorly dressed. It is of course bad form here for girls to dress elaborately before they are presented at Court. The eldest girl has been thus presented, so she was dressed fairly well in white silk poplin, but the other two were rigged out in mean looking alpaca execrably fitted on their gawky figures. Their hair was loosely hanging down their shoulders, tied back on top of their heads with a small red ribbon bow. Poor girls they are, not pretty, and then looked conscious of being ill apparelled.

To return to the concert, however. The James Hall was fairly packed with the aristocracy of England, both English and American, in toilettes most gorgeous.

Viscountess Mandeville, one of the most beautiful ladies in Europe, was ravishing in light-blue silk and cream laces. This lady was the celebrated New York beauty, Miss Consuelo Yznaga. She was very chummy with the Prince and Princess of Wales. Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly Miss Jerome, looked stylish and elegant and played two piano forte solos with brilliance and taste. The only items outside of this worthy favorable comment were the song of Frank Walker, who proved himself a fine tenor; the songs of Gertrude Griswold, also of Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the capital violin solo of Nettie Carpenter, a little girl not more than fifteen, and the part in the opening trio taken by Isabella Stone, whom the audience would have liked to hear more of on the lengthy programme. Taken as a whole, I, with many others, feel rather ashamed of being an American if fate reserved one's being judged by the American concert standard, for after all the advance puffing and parade one was led to expect something a little above mediocrity.

The last item on the programme, previous to the banjo performance, was the appearance in the shadow song of Meyerbeer's Dinorah of Marie Van Zandt. That she is a plain, awkward little person is not her fault but her misfortune; beauty, or at least grace, being such an essential to the success of a public singer. But all this the audience would have pardoned had she not committed the bad taste of appearing on the stage, quarter to twelve, in her "Lakme" costume, which is ugly in its barbaric realism, and lacking the aid of scenic effect, dresses of others, etc., was even more displeasing and ineffective. Her reception was not hearty. The fact of seeing her attired in stage gear came over the audience like a wet blanket. Then beside all this, she followed only by a few days her operatic venture. Now she has not made a London hit in opera, and even some of her old praising critics say her voice at times is thread-like, and that in acting she has become too self-conscious. However, her friends do not claim that she is a Patti, who is to soon reappear. Her voice (an old admirer of her highly-accomplished mother informs me) is far below that of Mme. Van Zandt, lacking its expression and dramatic power. Miss Van Zandt will soon return to America, where, doubtless, curiosity and sympathy after her most unfortunate and peculiar Paris experience will for some weeks make her a diva. The time though has passed when it is either good taste or good policy to give extravagant adulation to a singer or an actress because he or she happens to be an American. People must stand or fall according to their honest merits, for in the great poetic realms of art there is no country, and there should be no sex. "Deal gently, because this is a woman," is an injunction which implies an insult to her genius, if she has any, to her pretensions if she has none, and should never bias the judgment of the reviewer. Besides, when people go on the boards professionally, whether operatically or dramatically, they are presupposed to have had the necessary training, and they thus throw down the gauntlet to the quill of the journalist.

Music and singers reminds one that at Covent Garden next week we are to have the divine Patti and the rich-voiced Scarlhi, the echoes of the Drury Lane opera season having but just died away. Meantime the old theatre has been closed for a week rehearsing Elliot Geler's drama, entitled *A True Story Told in Two Cities*, which is to be produced on Monday the 15th. The cast, of which Mr. Richard Mansfield is the star, playing Lord Cholmondey (pronounced Chumly), embraces thirty principals, with any number of French and German soldiers, servants, officers and mob, such as costermongers and casuals, footing all up to some hundreds on the stage at one time. The advance sale of seats is very great, people all desiring to see Mr. Mansfield, and much quiet curiosity having gained ground as to the play itself. Mr. Harry Jackson, and Harry Nicholls and Mr. Arthur Yates are in the cast; and of the ladies, Miss Fanny Brough, Miss Emily Duncan, Miss Amy McNeill and Miss Lizzie Claremont. Mr. Mansfield's hosts of friends are prepared to give him a right royal welcome on Monday next.

The city of London now swarms with American Summer tourists, who patronize the American Register rooms, of which I lately made mention most extensively. Among the noted faces is that of Marshall P. Wilder, the well-known and amusing monologue entertainer, who, a small bird whispers to me, is arranging for a morning entertainment, possessing many novel features. Since Frank Lincoln "sailed the seas over" to American shores there has been a gap in the field, which Mr. Wilder will doubtless pleasantly fill.

Another gap was filled on Tuesday last in the way of orchestra music at the Royal Albert Hall at a matinee given by the Strauss Orchestra, which has been playing in the open air kiosk in the grounds of the Inventions Exhibition, where it was found to be impossible to do justice to the delicate passages of high class music by reason of the large open space surrounding the kiosk. The orchestration in the Hall was admirable. The Inventions Exhibition, however, came very near finishing its short career in inglorious flames yesterday, but American fire ladders spared the total wreck and confined the main damage to the Indian Museum. Messrs. Spiers and Pond's monster

restaurant escaped unscathed from the fire, and their waiters were as cool and brave as possible, acting very like the army of well-trained supernumeraries at the Lyceum Theatre in a sham stage fire. This firm are reported as giving financial support to a society for providing poor cripples with artificial limbs and surgical appliances. This admirable charitable organization holds a ballad concert June 16 at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, under the patronage of the Duchess of Edinburgh. Madame Patey, Signor Folli and several other well known artists are engaged, Sidney Naylor conducting. And all this for "sweet charity." A. W.

LONDON, June 20.

A day or two since, at Wolverhampton, there died a man, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, named George Shakespeare, who has been proved to be a lineal descendant of the brother of "the immortal bard's" grandfather. He was born at Henley-in-Arden, and Mr. Holliswell, the Shakespearean authority of England, was the prime mover in establishing, a few years since, his acceptance by the public. John Coleman, the eminent tragedian, long ago made public by letters his opinion that Mr. Shakespeare, of Wolverhampton, was the direct descendant of Richard Shakespeare, of Smittelfield. The deceased for several years carried on the business of fishing-tackle and net-maker, and was greatly respected by the local followers of Isaac Walton.

All concerning the "immortal bard" is as interesting to Americans as to English people. A week ago a commencement was made with the work connected with the repair and preservation of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, which has most interesting historical associations, and, as the burial-place of Shakespeare, is the object of universal interest. It is calculated that the work will cost £12,000. Nothing like wholesale restoration is intended, the work, which is to be carefully carried out, being confined to needful repairs. To gain the confidence of the public the committee have enlisted the aid of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings. The fine Early Norman tower is to receive first attention. The ancient doorway near Shakespeare's tomb will be opened to give access to the new vestry which it is proposed to erect on the site of the old one.

About a year ago there appeared an amusing little shilling book, entitled "Lady Macbeth: A Study," by M. Leigh-Noel. It was a careful analysis, yet without so startling in its originality of treatment that readers were at a loss as to whether they should consider it seriously or no. However, the book was widely read, and this season the same writer follows up the first venture with a second, entitled "Shakespeare's Garden of Girls," published by Remington and Co. It is certainly a unique little volume, and aims to fill up the biographies of some of Shakespeare's youthful characters. She considers gravely the kind of man old Capulet must have been to have married the young wife who became the mother of Juliet. She amusingly considers Katherine's character, putting Petruchio aside as "simply a fool and a bully," and holding the opinion that in time Katherine would have proved to have tamed him, rather than he to have subdued her. Then follows an exquisite specimen of feminine logic: "We know not how their married life turned out, but we should think it was a very happy one, and that Katherine, after all, proved the ruling spirit of the household, having learnt the secret of making her lord imagine that he was the master, whilst she really directed everything he did." The realistic and agreeable style in which the speculations are presented will have a fascination for many readers, and thus the number of earnest students of Shakespeare will be increased—which is a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

Actors, both Shakespearean and others, are again rushing into literature. In the July number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, Henry Irving has written an article on the art of acting, and Mrs. Bancroft is preparing a book in which she will tell how and why she became a manager. The book will contain a recognition of the help she has received from Mr. Bancroft. The valedictory poem to be recited by Mr. Irving on July 19, when Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft bid farewell to the Haymarket, has been written by Clement Scott. This marvelously able gentleman contributed to the latest copy of the *Dramatic Review* an essay on Jane Hading, the great French actress, which, for grace of diction, elegance of phraseology, and logical grasp of his subject, deserves to be preserved by writers as a model example of literary labor.

Speaking of Henry Irving reminds me that he is one of the patrons of a new London Society to which I have heretofore made reference, called "The Dramatic Students." Wilson Barrett, Arthur Cecil, John Clayton, Mrs. Anna Conover, W. S. Gilbert, John Hare, Augustus Harris, Henry Arthur Jones, W. H. Kendal, Hermann Vezin, Mrs. Swanborough, W. G. Willis, Charles Wyndham and others equally celebrated, are also among the patrons of the Society, whose ranks are made up of the younger and more ambitious members of London theatrical companies. The objects of the Society are to give further opportunities of practice to the junior members of the theatrical profession, and to promote the study of Dramatic Literature by the production of the best plays in the English language, especially those little known to the stage. To this end the Students give public morning performances

in London from time to time. Every member must belong to the regular dramatic profession and not be an amateur. The annual subscription is one guinea, payable half-yearly, due March 1 and Oct. 1. A regular staff of honorary officials is elected by ballot, the Vice-President being a lady, and this year it is Mary Dickens, grand-daughter of the novelist. All the rules, by-laws, etc. are amply set forth in the book of description with which each member is furnished.

Yesterday this admirable Society gave its first public performance before a crowded house at the Vaudeville Theatre. The play selected was Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in which the two leading parts, by the way, were capably played by Charles Fulton and Bernard Gould. The latter young gentleman is one of the most useful of the younger members of Wilson Barrett's Princess' company. In a few months he has made rapid strides in his profession, and is regarded as one of the most promising juvenile actors of the English stage. His elocution is finished, his enunciation very distinct, and his tones of voice of strangely mellow sweetness, yet without manly. Personally he is remarkably handsome, with a poetic, intellectual face and head. Instinctively the ladies associate Mr. Gould with graceful knighthood and deeds of chivalry. He is a scholar and possessed of varied accomplishments. Not only writes cleverly, but sketches and etches as well. As a recitationist he is equally at home in humorous and in pathetic verse, his flexible voice suiting itself to all varieties of work. Mr. Barrett discovered this genius among the army of non-speaking members of his company, immediately trusted him with a good part, and has encouraged him in all he has done at the Princess'. His performance of Collatinus, in *Junius*, was one of the gems of the superbly acted play.

Another gentleman who has lately made considerable success as a recitationist, is Edwin Drew, the able young editor of the monthly pamphlet, *The Elocutionist*. Mr. Drew's fine sense of the humorous and his almost Dickensian quaintness and facial play constitute him a great feature in London's select drawing-room entertainments, for which this city is so justly celebrated.

Of all the drawing-room entertainers who have been heard for months, Marshall P. Wilder excels in his very amusing monologues. Ten days he has been in London. Six times he has given illustrations of his peculiar prowess, unaided by either costumes or scenery. An extra pocket-handkerchief and pair of spectacles suffice to convert him into an old woman, a man with the face ache or a gouty old snorer. He gives an entertainment to day at the Rev. Newman Hall's, is to give one at both Mr. Labouchere's and Mrs. Frank Leslie's, and in ten days that Prince Charming of good fellows, Howard Paul, gives a reception in his honor. He is good-natured, generous, free from jealousy and as cheery as possible. His poor little figure, which God has seen fit to make misshapen, of itself appeals to one's kindness, and instantly his pure, honest nature does the rest to deepen the good impression. There is naught deformed in his spirit. Would to heaven we had more such genial, bright boys; for he is only a boy, after all, of about two or three and twenty. He is already booked as a Summer attraction in the best houses in Belgravia and Mayfair.

Another American seen in London on his flying trips from Paris, is that versatile journalist, "Walsingham" (Will Stuart). He is hard at work translating some French plays, as he is a thorough French scholar. At present he is doing *Denise* for Clara Morris. Miss Morris is said to be charmed with the work so far, because it preserves its French flavor, at the same time that it many times suggests, rather than openly expresses, the recklessness of the Parisian drama. Mr. Stuart is a very industrious writer, and his work is always readable and spicy. His best quality, I think, is that he is a good brother and has helped his sister in the newspaper ranks very materially. Under a *nom de plume* she is making American success. A young man who is good to his mother and sisters is of the right sort. A. W.

The Variety Invasion.

Within the last seven or eight years the variety stage has been largely drawn upon to recruit the ranks of comic opera, burlesque, and even the drama. Some of these people are today leading stars; others draw handsome salaries, and not a few have saved snug competencies. This encroachment of the variety upon the legitimate stage was at first viewed with alarm by the managers of the latter; but the new style of entertainment, half specialty and half dramatic, with the golden shower that it brought, was quick to console them. The legitimate actor looked with contempt upon the invasion; but the greater number of them have since played in support of these same star-graduates of the vaudeville stage. Some of the legitimate actors, so-called, have gone upon the variety stage to star in the lurid drama; but they are very few, and are almost lost sight of.

The first and most prominent of the "variety artists" to gain a foothold upon the boards of the legitimate stage was Joseph K. Emmet. He had been a drummer in the Army, a house-painter in St. Louis, and a peddler in New York. The first to don heavy wooden shoes in absurd dances; to achieve success in dialect songs; to play sweetly upon the har-

monicon—when Charles Gayler fitted him with a play, his name quickly became a household word. He is among the few American actors that have made successful professional visits to England. George S. Knight was a grocer's boy in Philadelphia when his talents were first discovered. He was rolling a flour barrel from the sidewalk into the store when Frank Gardner approached him with the offer of an engagement upon the variety boards. The youth jumped into popularity at once, and for a number of years was a leading attraction in variety theatres. Knight's dialect is unapproachable, and he is without an excellent actor. He is more legitimate in his methods than any of the Dutch dialect comedians, so called. Gus Williams was a slim young man when, as a comic singer in character, he began his professional career. His "Kaiser, Don't You Want to Pay a Daug?" brought him great popularity. Since going upon the legitimate stage he has grown stout; but this only adds untouchness to his performance. He used to do a very funny burlesque Pinafore, patterning his make-up after the then Secretary of the Navy. For several seasons he has headed a company of his own and been very successful. That clever comedian, Nat Goodwin, used to give his "imitations" at Tony Pastor's. John Gourlay was discovered by Nate Salsbury and converted into a Troubadour. Jacques Kruger was on the legitimate stage—in the stock—before he entered the variety stage. Lillian Russell was once a serio-comic, so-called. Those who have seen demure Rillie Deaves on the legitimate boards would scarcely believe that she and her sister Ada are two of the neatest "sketch artists" that ever appeared in a variety hall. Vanoni, Ed. Morris, Ezra Kendall—the list could be continued at great length—have all been "variety artists."

What a number of "variety teams" have been cleft in twain by the craze for comic opera, burlesque and farce-comedy! Dixey and Golden claim never to have been on the variety stage proper. They were clever specialists. The firm of Mackin and Wilson dissolved, and Francis Wilson found his opportunity in *Our Goblins*; but previous to this time he had been a close student, his ambition being to become a comedian in the legitimate stock. He is said to have made a great sacrifice in income when he left the variety stage; but since that time he has more than recouped himself. Mr. Wilson has become one of the most popular of our comic opera comedians. Bruno and Johnson long ago separated. The former was one of the original Tourists. During this season he has been playing low comedy parts with a Storm-Beaten company. Several years ago Sheridan and Mack dissolved partnership. John F. Sheridan has become famous as the Irish Widow in *Fun on the Bristol*, and has been abroad for three or four seasons. Canfield and Booker were swallowed by the Bunch of Key companies. The former has made quite a reputation as Grimes, the bell-boy, succeeding James Powers, the original, who went to England with Willie Edouin. It was found difficult to replace Powers, but Mr. Sanger at last met Mr. Canfield, and was charmed by his homeliness. He gave the young man a chance. Niles, Evans, Bryant and Hoey, two teams joined forces a few years ago. The first-named died. After a time the remaining three agreed to disagree. Bryant is now a solo-comedian of not much pretensions. Evans and Hoey are prosperous in *A Parlor Match*, a farce-comedy by Hoyt.

These are among the most important accessions to what is called the legitimate stage. Some of them do not care to have their variety career referred to; but the greater number are proud of the strides they have made.

Professional Doings.

—It is not true that Charles Stanley will star next season. That gentleman has been engaged by E. E. Kidder for his play, *Niagara*, and will create the leading comedy part in it.

—On Monday evening Rial and Rankin produced *The Veteran* at the California Theatre, San Francisco. C. B. Bishop, Jay Rial, Isabel Morris and Adele Waters were in the cast.

—Colonel Milliken has not completed his company to support Madeleine Lucette yet. He has made a new deal with the prima donna, who will draw salary without sharing in the receipts.

—Frank Pastor was buried yesterday morning at Calvary Cemetery, services having been held at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in Sixteenth street. Many professionals were present.

—John H. Russell has severed his connection with Mestayer and We, Us & Co.—whether amicably or not is not stated. M. W. Tobin, recently with Barry and Fay, succeeds to the management.

—J. B. Little, superintendent of the Brooklyn Times Job Print, has just issued a neat date-book, bound in Russia leather, and conveniently arranged for managers' memoranda during the season of 1885-86.

—Grace Hawthorne's return engagement at St. Joseph, Mo., was very successful. At Saturday's matinee over 1,500 people were present, and at night there was a large house. So telegraphs Local Manager Schrader.

—On July 13 Marie Prescott leaves San Francisco for New York, where she will rehearse for the production of *A Moral Crime*. The costumes Miss Prescott will display in this piece are finished. They are very handsome. One of them is a boy's dress.

—L. G. Hanna, former manager of the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Cleveland, O., has opened a Summer theatre in that city. He has open time for first-class attractions for this month and next. The house has a seating capacity of 1,500, and is in an excellent location.

A Sunny Prospect South.

Manager Frank Gray, of Memphis, has arrived in the city upon his annual visit to book time. A MIRROR reporter found him at H. S. Taylor's office, where he will make his headquarters for about four weeks. Memphis has only one theatre, Leubries, and it is considered a good "show town." Referring to his recent season and his intentions for the future, Mr. Gray said:

"As our city is increasing rapidly in population we scarcely felt any depression during the past year, and I fancy that it is generally conceded that the South, taken all around, has done well for the profession. In 1880 it contained only 33,000 people; now there are over 63,000 inhabitants, and no theatre besides mine nearer than Nashville, which is 242 miles distant. Our season closed on April 20, and I do not intend playing many attractions until after Sept. 28. I have no opposition, and I get the best attractions. Taking this fact into consideration, I have determined to improve the house, and am now expending \$20,000 on it. The improvements will almost make it virtually a new theatre. The reports from all parts of the South that the crops are large will brighten trade considerably. Very few people who have not been near us for a year or more can form an adequate idea of our increased travelling facilities. Yes, the outlook with us is promising in the extreme."

—Charles Gayler will have four plays on the road next season in the hands of various stars. He and Cazaaran have been privately closeted for the past few days over some great piece which they expect will paralyze the community.

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